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THE POEMS OF JOHN DYER

## The Welsh Library.

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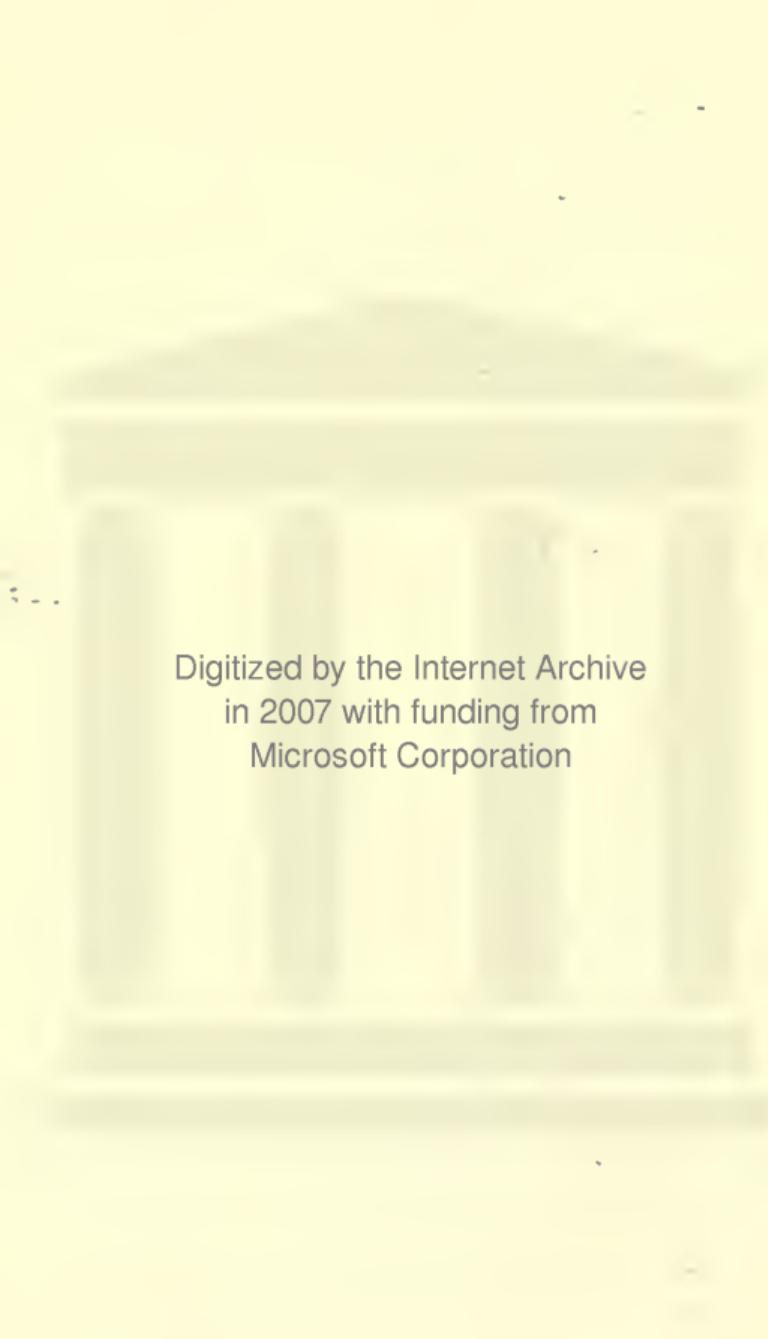
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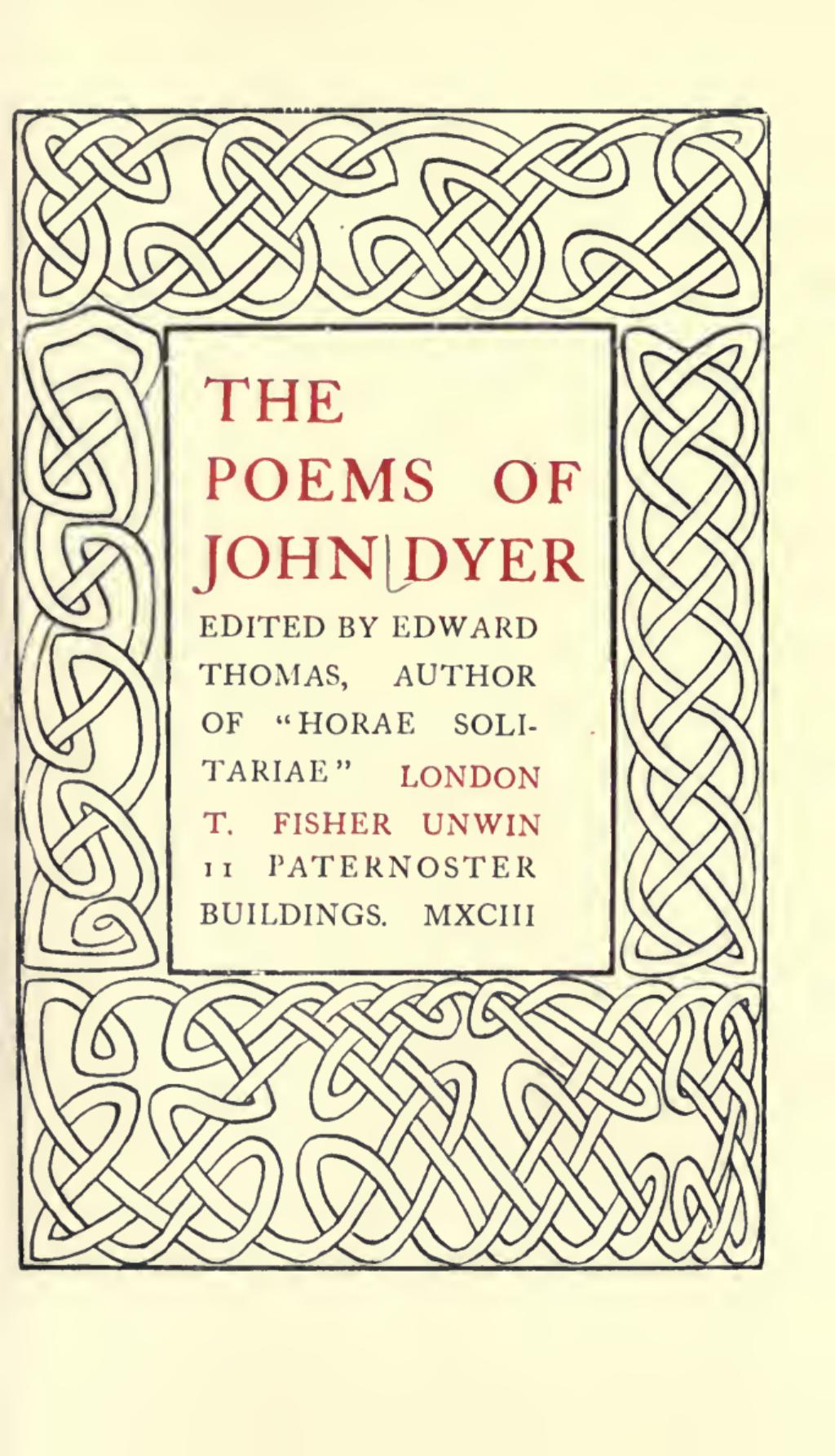
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# THE POEMS OF JOHN DYER

EDITED BY EDWARD  
THOMAS, AUTHOR  
OF "HORAE SOLI-  
TARIAE" LONDON  
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## INTRODUCTION

JOHN DYER, 1701-1757.

JOHN DYER was born at Aberglasney, a considerable house, in the parish of Llangathen, in Caermarthenshire, in 1700 according to some, in 1701 according to others; more probably in 1701. The register which would have shown the date of his birth has been lost, and I can only learn that he was fifty-six years old when he died in 1757. He was the second son of a solicitor "of great reputation," and from father and mother had English blood. He was educated, first at a country school, then at Westminster School, under Dr Freind. Of his attainments we know nothing. It is likely that he painted and wrote verse at an early age; and he is said to have planned "Grongar Hill" when he was sixteen years old. Before he was ripe for a university, he was called from Westminster to his father's office. Having no taste for the law, he left it on his father's

death, soon afterwards. His taste for painting led him to become a pupil of Jonathan Richardson, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Richardson's written work inspired Reynolds, but his teaching would not seem to have matured Dyer's capacity to anything beyond a skilled mediocrity. According to one of his own published letters, the youth, on leaving Richardson, became "an itinerant painter" in South Wales and the neighbouring counties of England. He must have paid visits to London about this time. Savage and Aaron Hill were among his friends. From an epistle by the former, it appears that, like his master, he painted portraits. His character, gentle, amiable, independent and unworldly, endeared him to those whom he met, if it did not attract the literary world.

Probably in 1724, he went, still as a painter, to Italy. He spent two years in Rome and Florence and other cities that were a matter of course. Like some of the next century's poets, whom he faintly but certainly foreshadowed, he was delighted by the riches of Nature, the Renaissance, the Middle Ages, and antiquity, which he saw. With a milder rapture than Shelley's, he was happy in sight of the Baths of Caracalla and the Coliseum. He is said to have been more successful with pen and ink sketches than with crayon and oils; but it may be conjectured that his work in colour and line had little but the indirect value of training his eye in a way that

afterwards served him as a poet of Nature. To "Clio"—probably the "Clio" whom he is known to have painted—he addressed some trifling "Verses from Rome"; Clio sent back a set of verses of equal merit.

1726, the year of his return to England, was a year of some literary activity for Dyer. It was the year of the publication of Thomson's "Winter." Savage's *Miscellany* of that date contained five pieces from Dyer's pen, viz.: "The Inquiry," an unimportant composition that proves his rural contentment; "To Aaron Hill," a complimentary epistle; "An Epistle to a Painter," *i.e.* to Richardson; "The Country Walk," and "Grongar Hill." As then published, "Grongar Hill" was not significant. In form "an irregular ode," divided into stanzas, it displayed some unattractive Pindarism and the antics of that day. "The Country Walk," the one wild flower of the collection, slender but unique, in manner suggested the turn which was given later to "Grongar Hill." He was again an itinerant painter.

In 1727, "Grongar Hill" appeared in its final shape. The revision had been happy, but somewhat imperfectly inspired. Thus the opening lines are negligent and vague, and "unhappy fate," etc., is indefensible. But when we consider the fitness of the metre, and the skilful presentation of a mood so uncommon in his day, breathing in the first lines,

and gracefully completed in the last, we must grant to the poem a very special claim. If we exclude consideration of the age in which it appeared, it has still a charm, if only for the small number of readers who care for all the poetry of Nature. As a product of 1727, it must be allowed that it adds to the strength of a necessary link in the chain of English literature that deals poetically with Nature. It has been praised in English and Welsh, and in the last century was paraphrased in Welsh. The manner of Dyer's work, and the combination of personal fancy with accurate observation, make him a closer relative to Wordsworth than his bulky rival Thomson, who was in many ways far more richly gifted. It is necessary to add, since it has been wrongly located, that Grongar is in Caermarthenshire, and in sight of Aberglasney.

It is obvious that Dyer must have been much out of doors. He probably knew South Wales intimately. He had a short, practical experience of agriculture, and a love of animals. At the same time he was not a hearty out-door philosopher. His health was always indifferent, and the Campagna had injured it. He seems to have had an amiable, constitutional melancholy, and must have known the angrier moods of that "sweet enemy"; for, in 1729, he is said to have written his epitaph. He called himself "old and sickly" in middle age; for many years in later

life he was deaf; yet remained true to the character which was given to him by Aaron Hill, who says,

“ You look abroad serene  
And marking both extremes, pass clear between.”

After the publication of “Grongar Hill,” he continued to write verse. Italy lived impressively in his memory. He probably took many notes during his tour, and certainly made a preparatory sketch of “The Ruins of Rome,” which was published in its final shape in 1740. Portions of it have been praised by Johnson, Hervey, Wordsworth and others. It is, indeed, a dignified and impassioned meditation. Like “Grongar Hill,” it hints at the ampler manner of the next century. In execution it is sometimes tame, and the poet here uses Miltonisms for the first time; but the conception, and some of the thoughts, might well remind us of Shelley. Here, again, Dyer is to be respected as an interesting link, though “The Ruins of Rome” appears less like a finished poem than a first draft by a powerful hand.

In 1740, or at about that time, he married a Miss Ensor; and failing health and, we may surmise, an aptitude of temperament, led him into the Church. He was presented by “one Mr Harper” to the living of Catthorpe in Leicestershire, in the following year. In 1751, he left Catthorpe for Belchford in Lincolnshire, to which he was appointed by Lord

Hardwicke, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the recommendation of Daniel Wray, Deputy Teller; and in the same year, Sir John Heathcote presented him to the living of Coningsby in Lincolnshire, and in 1755 to Kirky-on-Bane in the same county, in place of Belchford. He became LL.B., Cantab., by royal mandate, in 1752.

Coningsby Rectory was then his home, which he left seldom and unwillingly. He was probably careful in the performance of his duties, preached fair sermons, and built part of the present rectory. He kept his registers with singular neatness. His poems are more or less clearly impressed by reminiscences of such writers as Spenser, Drayton, Milton, Gray, Appollonius Rhodius, Theocritus, Lucretius and Virgil; he quoted from Columella and Janus Vitalis, and in his leisure must have been mainly occupied with books. There seems to be no reason for believing that he understood Welsh. His letters do not lead us to suppose that he was often afield in his later years: he was unable to tell Duncombe when the swallows had appeared, but was "told they had been skimming about his garden this fortnight." Perhaps Lincolnshire was not altogether consoling to one who had known the Towy valley. His last work was full of reminiscences of Wales. At Coningsby, he was busy with his longest poem, "The Fleece." He composed laboriously; and Akenside, who was giving him medical advice,

helped him in the work. It is his biggest effort, and when we consider the subject, his greatest success. A very large proportion of dulness is to be expected from Dyer on wool; but it does not obscure the excellence of his design; even where his thought is rustic, the style is pure; in some places he is nearly grand; in many, felicitous. These isolated lines are characteristic of Dyer at his best:—

“ Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech,”  
“ No prickly brambles, white with woolly theft,”  
“ Rolling by ruins hoar of antient towns,”  
“ Long lay the mournful realms of elder fame  
In gloomy desolation. . . .”  
“ Nor what the peasant, near some lucid wave,  
Pactolus, Simoës or Meander slow,  
Renowned in story, with his plough upturns.”

Wordsworth found parts of the poem “dry and heavy,” and parts superior to any writer in verse since Milton, for imagination and purity of style. It was praised, among Dyer’s contemporaries, by Dr James Grainger, a verse-writer in *The Monthly Review*, and by Gray.

I do not think it necessary to add much size and no light to this volume, by commenting on the numerous proper names of men and places in “The Fleece.” I have retained Dyer’s spelling—*e.g.* “Mincoy” for “Minikoi”—almost as it was in the first edition. His abbreviations— as “ev’n” for

“even”—have been as carefully as possible preserved, as illustrating Dyer’s (and his century’s) preferences in rhythm. In Book I. the 72nd and 89th lines have been changed in accordance with Dyer’s directions to the printer. In former editions, these lines have been :—

“Or marl with clay deep mixed, be then thy choice,”

and

“At a meet distance from the upland ridge.”

These unimportant changes, and possibly others, had been suggested, as we learn from Duncombe’s correspondence, to Dodsley the publisher; but without effect, because the poet died of a consumptive malady in the year of publication, 15th December, 1757, “aged 56,” says the register at Coningsby. There he was buried and remains without memorial.

Postscript.—I thank Mr John Jenkins (“Gwili”), the Rev. Arthur Wright, Rector of Coningsby, and the Rev. J. Alex. Williams, Vicar of Llangathen, for their answers to my enquiries concerning the poet.

EDWARD THOMAS.

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*Note by the Publisher.*

The portrait which appears as a frontispiece to this volume is taken from an Edition of Dyer’s Poems, bearing the date 1779. There is, however, some doubt as to its being an authentic likeness of the poet.

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TO THE POET, JOHN DYER

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Bard of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made  
That work a living landscape fair and bright ;  
Nor hallowed less with musical delight  
Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood strayed,  
Those southern tracts of Cambria, 'deep embayed,  
With green hills fenced, with Ocean's murmur lulled' ;  
Though hasty fame hath many a chaplet culled  
For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade  
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,  
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,  
A grateful few, shall love thy modest lay,  
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray  
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aërial waste ;  
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill !

## GRONGAR HILL

SILENT Nymph ! with curious eye,  
Who, the purple ev'ning, lie  
On the mountain's lonely van,  
Beyond the noise of busy man,  
Painting fair the form of things,  
While the yellow linnet sings,  
Or the tuneful nightingale  
Charms the forest with her tale ;  
Come, with all thy various hues,  
Come, and aid thy sister Muse ;  
Now while Phœbus, riding high,  
Gives lustre to the land and sky,  
Grongar Hill invites my song ;  
Draw the landscape bright and strong ;  
Grongar in whose mossy cells,  
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;  
Grongar, in whose silent shade,  
For the modest Muses made,  
So oft I have, the ev'ning still,  
At the fountain of a rill  
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,  
With my hand beneath my head,  
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
Over mead and over wood,

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From house to house, from hill to hill,  
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,  
And leave his brooks and meads behind,  
And groves and grottoes where I lay,  
And vistoes shooting beams of day.

Wide and wider spreads the vale,  
As circles on a smooth canal :  
The mountains round, unhappy fate !

Sooner or later, of all height,  
Withdraw their summits from the skies,  
And lessen as the others rise :  
Still the prospect wider spreads,  
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;  
Still it widens, widens still,  
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,  
What a landskip lies below !  
No clouds, no vapours intervene ;  
But the gay, the open scene  
Does the face of Nature show  
In all the hues of heaven's bow,  
And, swelling to embrace the light,  
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,  
Proudly tow'ring in the skies ;  
Rushing from the woods, the spires  
Seem from hence ascending fires ;  
Half his beams Apollo sheds  
On the yellow mountain-heads,  
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,  
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,  
Beautiful in various dyes ;

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The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
The yellow beech, the sable yew,  
The slender fir, that taper grows,  
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs,  
And beyond the purple grove,  
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love ! 60

Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,  
Lies a long and level lawn,  
On which a dark hill, steep and high,  
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye :  
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,  
His sides are cloath'd with waving wood, 70

And ancient towers crown his brow,  
That cast an awful look below ;  
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,  
And with her arms from falling keeps ;  
So both a safety from the wind  
On mutual dependence find. 75

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;  
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;  
And there the fox securely feeds,  
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,  
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds ;  
While, ever and anon, there falls 80

Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.  
Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,  
And level lays the lofty brow,  
Has seen this broken pile compleat,  
Big with the vanity of state :  
But transient is the smile of Fate ! 85

A little rule, a little sway,  
A sunbeam in a winter's day,  
Is all the proud and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave. 90

And see the rivers how they run  
 Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun ! 95  
 Sometimes swift and sometimes slow,  
 Wave succeeding wave, they go  
 A various journey to the deep,  
 Like human life to endless sleep :  
 Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,  
 To instruct our wand'ring thought ; 100  
 Thus she dresses green and gay,  
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,  
 When will the landskip tire the view !  
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,  
 The woody vallies warm and low ; 105  
 The windy summit, wild and high,  
 Roughly rushing on the sky !  
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,  
 The naked rock, the shady bow'r ;  
 The town and village, dome and farm,  
 Each give each a double charm,  
 As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm. 110

See on the mountain's southern side,  
 Where the prospect opens wide,  
 Where the ev'ning gilds the tide,  
 How close and small the hedges lie !  
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye !  
 A step, methinks, may pass the stream,  
 So little distant dangers seem ; 115  
 So we mistake the future's face,  
 Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding glass ;  
 As yon summits soft and fair,  
 Clad in colours of the air,  
 Which, to those who journey near,  
 Barren, brown, and rough appear ; 120  
 125

Still we tread the same coarse way ;  
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,  
And never covet what I see ;  
Content me with an humble shade,  
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;  
For while our wishes wildly roll,  
We banish quiet from the soul ;  
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,  
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,  
As on the mountain-turf I lie ;  
While the wanton Zephyr sings,  
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;  
While the waters murmur deep ;  
While the shepherd charms his sheep ;  
While the birds unbounded fly,  
And with music fill the sky,  
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye Courts ! be great who will ;  
Search for Peace with all your skill :  
Open wide the lofty door,  
Seek her on the marble floor :  
In vain ye search, she is not there ;  
In vain ye search the domes of Care !  
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,  
On the meads and mountain-heads,  
Along with pleasure close ally'd,  
Ever by each other's side,  
And often, by the mur'n'ring rill,  
Hears the thrush, while all is still,  
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

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## THE COUNTRY WALK

THE morning's fair ; the lusty sun  
With ruddy cheek begins to run,  
And early birds, that wing the skies,  
Sweetly sing to see him rise.

I am resolv'd, this charming day,  
In the open field to stray,  
And have no roof above my head,  
But that whereon the gods do tread.  
Before the yellow barn I see  
A beautiful variety  
Of strutting cocks, advancing stout,  
And flirting empty chaff about :  
Hens, ducks, and geese, and all their brood,  
And turkeys gobbling for their food,  
While rustics thrash the wealthy floor,  
And tempt all to crowd the door.

What a fair face does Nature show !  
Augusta ! wipe thy dusty brow ;  
A landscape wide salutes my sight  
Of shady vales and mountains bright ;  
And azure heavens I behold,  
And clouds of silver and of gold.  
And now into the fields I go,  
Where thousand flaming flowers glow,

And every neighb'ring hedge I greet,  
With honey-suckles smelling sweet.

25

Now o'er the daisy-meads I stray,  
And meet with, as I pace my way,  
Sweetly shining on the eye,  
A riv'let gliding smoothly by,  
Which shows with what an easy tide  
The moments of the happy glide :  
Here, finding pleasure after pain,  
Sleeping, I see a weary'd swain,  
While his full scrip lies open by,  
That does his healthy food supply.

30

Happy swain ! sure happier far  
Than lofty kings and princes are !  
Enjoy sweet sleep, which shuns the crown,  
With all its easy beds of down.

35

The sun now shows his noon-tide blaze,  
And sheds around me burning rays.  
A little onward, and I go  
Into the shade that groves bestow,  
And on green moss I lay me down,  
That o'er the root of oak has grown ;  
Where all is silent, but some flood,  
That sweetly murmurs in the wood ;  
But birds that warble in the sprays,  
And charm ev'n Silence with their lays.

40

Oh ! pow'rful Silence ! how you reign  
In the poet's busy brain !  
His num'rous thoughts obey the calls  
Of the tuneful water-falls ;  
Like moles, whene'er the coast is clear,  
They rise before thee without fear,  
And range in parties here and there.

45

Some wildly to Parnassus wing,  
And view the fair Castalian spring,

50

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Where they behold a lonely well  
 Where now no tuneful Muses dwell,  
 But now and then a slavish hind  
 Paddling the troubled pool they find.

Some trace the pleasing paths of joy,  
 Others the blissful scene destroy,  
 In thorny tracks of sorrow stray,  
 And pine for Clio far away.  
 But stay—Methinks her lays I hear,  
 So smooth ! so sweet ! so deep ! so clear !  
 No, it is not her voice I find ;  
 'Tis but the echo stays behind.

Some meditate Ambition's brow,  
 And the black gulf that gapes below ;  
 Some peep in courts, and there they see  
 The sneaking tribe of Flattery :  
 But, striking to the ear and eye,  
 A nimble deer comes bounding by !  
 When rushing from yon rustling spray  
 It made them vanish all away.

I rouse me up, and on I rove ;  
 'Tis more than time to leave the grove.  
 The sun declines, the evening breeze  
 Begins to whisper thro' the trees ;  
 And as I leave the sylvan gloom,  
 As to the glare of day I come,  
 An old man's smoky nest I see  
 Leaning on an aged tree,  
 Whose willow walls, and furzy brow,  
 A little garden sway below :  
 Thro' spreading beds of blooming green,  
 Matted with herbage sweet and clean,  
 A vein of water limps along,  
 And makes them ever green and young.

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Here he puffs upon his spade,  
And digs up cabbage in the shade :  
His tatter'd rags are sable brown,  
His beard and hair are hoary grown ;  
The dying sap descends apace,  
And leaves a wither'd hand and face.

95

Up Grongar Hill I labour now,  
And catch at last his bushy brow.  
Oh ! how fresh, how pure, the air !  
Let me breathe a little here.

100

Where am I, Nature ? I descry  
Thy inagazine before me lie.

105

Temples !—and towns !—and towers !—and woods !—  
And hills !—and vales !—and fields !—and floods !  
Crowding before me, edg'd around  
With naked wilds and barren ground.

See, below, the pleasant dome,  
The poet's pride, the poet's home,  
Which the sunbeams shine upon  
To the even from the dawn.

110

See her woods, where Echo talks,  
Her gardens trim, her terrace walks,  
Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,  
Her gloomy bow'r's and shining lakes.  
Keep, ye Gods ! this humble seat  
For ever pleasant, private, neat.

115

See yonder hill, uprising steep,  
Above the river slow and deep ;  
It looks from hence a pyramid,  
Beneath a verdant forest hid ;  
On whose high top there rises great  
The mighty remnant of a seat,  
An old green tow'r, whose batter'd brow  
Frowns upon the vale below.

120

125

Look upon that flow'ry plain,  
 How the sheep surround their swain,  
 How they crowd to hear his strain !  
 All careless with his legs across,  
 Leaning on a bank of moss,  
 He spends his empty hours at play,  
 Which fly as light as down away.

130

And there behold a bloomy mead,  
 A silver stream, a willow shade,  
 Beneath the shade a fisher stand,  
 Who, with the angle in his hand,  
 Swings the nibbling fry to land.

135

In blushes the descending sun  
 Kisses the streams, while slow they run ;  
 And yonder hill remoter grows,  
 Or dusky clouds do interpose.

140

The fields are left, the labouring hind  
 His weary oxen does unbind ;  
 And vocal mountains, as they low,  
 Re-echo to the vales below ;  
 The jocund shepherds piping come,  
 And drive the herd before them home ;  
 And now begin to light their fires,  
 Which send up smoke in curling spires ;  
 While with light hearts all homeward tend,  
 To Aberglasney I descend.

145

But, oh ! how bless'd would be the day  
 Did I with Clio pace my way,  
 And not alone and solitary stray.

150

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## AN EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay busy town,  
Forgot such a man as John Dyer?  
Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,  
Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the shades— 5  
(Contented!—why everything charms me)  
Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades!  
Till hence rigid virtue alarms me:

Till outrage arises, or misery needs  
The swift, the intrepid avenger; 10  
Till sacred religion or liberty bleeds,  
Then mine be the deed and the danger.

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain  
We heap up in sin and in sorrow!  
Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain! 15  
Is not life to be over to-morrow.

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,  
Smooth-shaded, and quiet, and even,  
While gently the body descends to the grave,  
And the spirit arises to heaven.

## TO AURELIA

SEE, the flowery Spring is blown,  
Let us leave the smoky Town :  
From the Mall, and from the Ring,  
Every one has taken wing ;  
Cloe, Strephon, Corydon,  
To the meadows all are gone ;  
What is left you worth your stay ?  
Come, Aurelia, come away.

5

Come, Aurelia, come and see  
What a lodge I've dress'd for thee ;  
But the seat you cannot see,  
'Tis so hid with jessamy,  
With the vine that o'er the walls,  
And in every window, crawls ;  
Let us there be blithe and gay !  
Come, Aurelia, come away.

10

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Come with all thy sweetest wiles,  
With thy graces and thy smiles ;  
Come, and we will merry be,  
Who shall be so blest as we ?  
We will frolic all the day,  
Haste, Aurelia, while we may :  
Ay ! and should not life be gay ?  
Yes, Aurelia—come away.

20

20

## THE RUINS OF ROME

“Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa,  
Obrutaque horrenti vasta theatra situ :  
Hæc sunt Roma. Viden’ velut ipsa cadavera tantæ  
Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas?”—]ANUS VITALIS.

[“Look at all the walls, the stones dislodged, the vast theatres brought low by the power of decay. That is Rome. And do you see how the very corpse of such a city is still imperial and seems to offer menaces?”]

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the shady dales  
Of winding Towy, Merlin’s fabled haunt,  
I sung inglorious. Now the love of arts,  
And what in metal or in stone remains  
Of proud Antiquity, thro’ various realms  
And various languages and ages fam’d,  
Bears me remote o’er Gallia’s woody bounds,  
O’er the cloud-piercing Alps remote, beyond  
The vale of Arno, purpled with the vine,  
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,  
To Latium’s wide champaign, forlorn and waste,  
Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave  
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse !  
Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight ;  
Lo ! the resistless theme, imperial Rome.

Fall’n, fall’n, a silent heap ! her heroes all  
Sunk in their urns ; behold the pride of pomp,

The throne of nations, fall'n ! obscur'd in dust ;  
 Ev'n yet majestical : the solemn scene  
 Elates the soul, while now the rising sun  
 Flames on the ruins in the purer air  
 Tow'ring aloft upon the glittering plain,  
 Like broken rocks, a vast circumference !  
 Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifled moles,  
 Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on bury'd tombs ! 25

Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk  
 Immense along the waste ; minuter art,  
 Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,  
 O'erwhelming ; as th' immense leviathan  
 The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore  
 Outstretch'd, unwieldy, his island length appears  
 Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,  
 Gray-mouldering temples swell, and wide o'ercast  
 The solitary landscape, hills and woods,  
 And boundless wilds ; while the vine-mantled brows 35  
 The pendent goats unveil, regardless they  
 Of hourly peril, tho' the clefted domes  
 Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft,  
 At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears  
 Aghast the voice of Time, disparting tow'rs,  
 Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,  
 Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the moon ;  
 While murmurs soothe each awful interval  
 Of ever-falling waters ; shrouded Nile,  
 Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,  
 And palmy Euphrates : they with dropping locks  
 Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among  
 The plaintive echoing ruins pour their streams. 45

Yet here, advent'rous in the sacred search  
 Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,  
 Curious and modest, from all climes resort,  
 Grateful society ! with these I raise 50

The toilsome step up the proud Palatin,  
 Thro' spiry cypress groves, and tow'ring pine,  
 Waving aloft o'er the big ruin's brows, 55  
 On num'rous arches rear'd ; and, frequent stopp'd,  
 The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm,  
 Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound  
 Of aisles and halls within the mountain's womb.  
 Nor these the nether works ; all these beneath, 60  
 And all beneath the vales and hills around,  
 Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,  
 As the Sibylline grot beside the dead  
 Lake of Avernus ; such the sewers huge,  
 Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms 65  
 Each wave impure ; and proud with added rains,  
 Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults,  
 And thunder ! how they heave their rocks in vain !  
 Tho' now incessant time has roll'd around  
 A thousand winters o'er the changeful world, 70  
 And yet a thousand since, th' indignant floods  
 Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell  
 In vain, convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave.  
 Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts,  
 That weave their glitt'ring wave with tuneful lapse 75  
 Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear,  
 Cerulean ophite, and the flow'ry vein  
 Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along,  
 And vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive stones,  
 And intermingling vines, and figur'd nymphs, 80  
 Floras and Chloes of delicious mould,  
 Cheering the darkness ; and deep empty tombs,  
 And dells, and mould'ring shrines, with old decay  
 Rustic and green, and wide-embow'ring shades,  
 Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding tow'rs ; 85  
 A solemn wlderness ! with error sweet  
 I wind the lingering step, where'er the path

Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot  
 O'er sculptures maim'd has made ; Anubis, Sphinx,  
 Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan, 90  
 Terrific, monstrous shapes ! prepost'rous gods  
 Of fear and ignorance, by the sculptor's hand  
 Hewn into form, and worshipp'd ; as ev'n now  
 Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths  
 In varied appellations : men to these 95  
 (From depth to depth in dark'ning error fall'n)  
 At length ascrib'd th' Inapplicable Name.

How doth it please and fill the memory  
 With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand  
 Historic urns and breathing statues rise, 100  
 And speaking busts ! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,  
 Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form  
 Of Caesar, raptur'd with the charm of rule  
 And boundless fame ; impatient for exploits,  
 His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought 105  
 Above all height : and his own Brutus see,  
 Desponding Brutus ! dubious of the right,  
 In evil days of faith, of public weal,  
 Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard  
 Be Tully's graceful attitude ; uprais'd, 110  
 His outstretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak  
 Before the silent masters of the world,  
 And eloquence arrays him. There behold,  
 Prepar'd for combat in the front of war,  
 The pious brothers ; jealous Alba stands 115  
 In fearful expectation of the strife,  
 And youthful Rome intent : the kindred foes  
 Fall on each other's neck in silent tears ;  
 In sorrowful benevolence embrace—  
 Howe'er they soon unsheathe the flashing sword 120  
 Their country calls to arms ; now all in vain  
 The mother clasps the knee, and ev'n the fair

Now weeps in vain ; their country calls to arms.  
 Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rouz'd ;  
 Such were the Fabii, Decii ; so inspir'd      125  
 The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi spoke :  
 So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these  
 Deep musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame  
 Greatly to serve my country, distant land,  
 And build me virtuous fame ; nor shall the dust      130  
 Of these fall'n piles with show of sad decay  
 Avert the good resolve, mean argument,  
 The fate alone of matter. Now the brow  
 We gain enraptur'd ; beauteously distinct  
 The num'rous porticoes and domes upswell,      135  
 With obelisks and columns interpos'd,  
 And pine, and fir, and oak ; so fair a scene  
 Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb  
 Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds  
 Proud Memphis' relics o'er th' Egyptian plain ;      140  
 Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,  
 Tho' graceful Athens in the vale beneath.  
 Along the windings of the Muse's stream,  
 Lucid Ilyssus weeps her silent schools  
 And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.      145  
 Amid the tow'ry ruins, huge, supreme,  
 Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,  
 Mountainous pile ! o'er whose capacious womb  
 Pours the broad firmament its vary'd light,  
 While from the central floor the seats ascend      150  
 Round above round, slow wid'ning to the verge,  
 A circuit vast and high ; nor less had held  
 Imperial Rome and her attendant realms,  
 When, drunk with rule, she will'd the fierce delight,  
 And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out rush'd,      155  
 Before th' innumerable shouting crowd,  
 The fiery madded tyrants of the wilds,

Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,  
And desp'rate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!

160

By frequent converse with familiar death

To kindle brutal daring apt for war;

To lock the breast, and steel th' obdurate heart,  
Amid the piercing cries of sore distress

Impenetrable.—But away thine eye!

Behold yon' steepy cliff; the modern pile

165

Perchance may now delight, while that rever'd

In ancient days the page alone declares,

Or narrow coin thro' dim cerulean rust.

The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden roof,

170

O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide,

Appear'd, as when above the morning hills

Half the round sun ascends, and tower'd aloft,

Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerous

As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights

Dark'ning their idols, when Astarte lur'd

175

Too-prosp'r'ous Israel from his living Strength.

And next regard yon' venerable dome

Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,

Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd

Pantheon; plain and round, of this our world

180

Majestic emblem; with peculiar grace

Before its ample orb projected stands

The many-pillar'd portal; noblest work

Of human skill! Here, curious Architect,

If thou essay'st, ambitious, to surpass

185

Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones,

On these fair walls extend the certain scale,

And turn th' instructive compass: careful mark

How far in hidden art the noble plan

Extends, and where the lovely forms commence

190

Of flowing sculpture; nor neglect to note

How range the taper columns, and what weight

Their leafy brows sustain ; fair Corinth first  
 Boasted their order, which Callimachus  
 (Reclining studious on Asopus' banks  
 Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph) 195  
 Haply compos'd ; the urn with foliage curl'd  
 Thinly conceal'd the chapter inform'd.

See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,  
 One stone enormous each, or Thebes, convey'd ; 200  
 Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies :  
 And there the temple where the summon'd state  
 In deep of night conven'd ; ev'n yet methinks  
 The veh'ment orator in rent attire  
 Persuasion pours ; Ambition sinks her crest ; 205  
 And, lo ! the villain, like a troubled sea,  
 That tosses up her mire ! Ever disguis'd  
 Shall Treason walk ? shall proud Oppression yoke  
 The neck of Virtue ? Lo ! the wretch abash'd,  
 Self-betray'd Catiline ! O Liberty ! 210  
 Parent of happiness, celestial born ;  
 When the first man became a living soul  
 His sacred genius thou : be Britain's care ;  
 With her secure prolong thy lov'd retreat ;  
 Thence bless mankind ; while yet among her sons, 215  
 Ev'n yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,  
 Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names  
 Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake.  
 May others more delight in tuneful airs,  
 In mask and dance excel ; to sculptur'd stone 220  
 Give with superior skill the living look ;  
 More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft  
 With warmer touch the visionary board :  
 But thou thy nobler Britons teach to rule,  
 To check the ravage of tyrannic sway, 225  
 To quell the proud, to spread the joys of peace,  
 And various blessings of ingenious trade.

Be these our arts ; and ever may we guard,  
Ever defend, thee with undaunted heart.

Inestimable good ! who giv'st us Truth,  
Whose hand upleads to light, divinest Truth !

Array'd in ev'ry charm ; whose hand benign  
Teaches unwear'd Toil to clothe the fields,  
And on his various fruits inscribes the name  
Of Property : O nobly hail'd of old

235

By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,  
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,  
And Libya bright, and all-enchanting Greece,  
Whose num'rous towns, and isles, and peopled seas,  
Rejoic'd around her lyre ; th' heroic note

240

(Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,  
And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign  
Rear'd up her tow'ry battlements in strength,  
Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream  
Of Tuscan Tiber ; thine those solemn domes  
Devoted to the voice of humbler pray'r ;  
And thine those piles undeck'd, spacious, vast,  
In days of dearth, where tender Charity  
Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.

245

Thine, too, those musically-falling founts,  
To slake the clammy lip ; adown they fall,  
Musical ever, while from yon' blue hills,  
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts  
Turn their innumerable arches o'er  
The spacious desert, bright'ning in the sun,  
Proud and more proud in their august approach :  
High o'er irriguous vales, and woods, and towns,  
Glide the soft-whisp'ring waters in the wind,  
And, here united, pour their silver streams  
Among the figur'd rocks, in murmur'ring falls,  
Musical ever. These thy beauteous works ;  
And what beside felicity could tell

255

260

Of human benefit : more late the rest ;  
 At various times their turrets chanc'd to rise,  
 When impious Tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile.

265

Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome  
 Couches beneath the ruins ; there of old  
 With arms and trophies gleam'd the Field of Mars :  
 There to their daily sports the noble youth  
 Rush'd emulous, to fling the pointed lance, 270  
 To vault the steed, or with the kindling wheel  
 In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal ;  
 Or, wrestling, cope, with adverse swelling breasts,  
 Strong grappling arms, close heads, and distant feet ;  
 Or clash the lifted gauntlets : there they form'd 275  
 Their ardent virtues : in the bossy piles,  
 The proud triumphal arches, all their wars,  
 Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.  
 And see from ev'ry gate those ancient roads,  
 With tombs high verg'd, the solemn paths of Fame ! 280  
 Deserve they not regard ? o'er whose broad flints  
 Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms of war,  
 So many pomps, so many wond'ring realms :  
 Yet still thro' mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies rais'd,  
 In even state to distant seas around 285  
 They stretch their pavements. Lo ! the fane of Peace  
 Built by that prince who to the trust of pow'r  
 Was honest, the delight of human-kind.  
 Three nodding aisles remain, the rest an heap  
 Of sand and weeds ; her shrines, her radiant roof 290  
 And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,  
 As from a shining sea, majestic rose  
 An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech .  
 Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,  
 Charming the mimic painter : on the walls 295  
 Hung Salem's sacred spoils ; the golden board  
 And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd

By the sunk roof.—O'er which, in distant view,  
 Th' Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd  
 Of ancient towns ; and blue Soracte spires, 300  
 Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,  
 Nigh where the Cestian pyramid divides  
 The mould'ring wall, behold yon' fabric huge,  
 Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,  
 And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad, 305  
 Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name  
 Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found  
 Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame :  
 The stately pines, that spread their branches wide  
 In the dun ruins of its ample halls, 310  
 Appear but tufts, as may whate'er is high  
 Sink in comparison, minute and vile.

These and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,  
 Rent of their graces ; as Britannia's oaks  
 On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged sides, 315  
 Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round  
 After the tempest ; Mausoleums, Cirques,  
 Naumachios, Forums ; Trajan's column tall,  
 From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,  
 And lead thro' various toils up the rough steep 320  
 Its hero to the skies ; and his dark tow'r  
 Whose execrable hand the City fir'd,  
 And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd  
 Play'd to the flames ; and Phœbus' letter'd dome ;  
 And the rough relics of Carinae's street, 325  
 Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep  
 Sits piping with his oaten reed, as erst  
 There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,  
 When th' humble roof Anchises' son explor'd  
 Of good Evander, wealth-despising king ! 330  
 Amid the thickets : so revolves the scene ;  
 So Time ordains, who rolls the things of pride

From dust again to dust. Behold that heap  
 Of mould'ring urns (their ashes blown away,  
 Dust of the mighty !) the same story tell ; 335

And at its base, from whence the serpent glides  
 Down the green desert street, yon' hoary monk  
 Laments the same, the vision as he views,  
 The solitary, silent, solemn scene,  
 Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits, lie 340

Blended in dust together ; where the slave  
 Rests from his labours ; where th' insulting proud  
 Resigns his pow'r ; the miser drops his hoard ;  
 Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood  
 (I sing not to the vacant and the young), 345

There is a kindly mood of melancholy  
 That wings the soul, and points her to the skies :  
 When tribulation clothes the child of man,  
 When age descends with sorrow to the grave,  
 'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain, 350

A gently-wak'ning call to health and ease.  
 How musical ! when all-devouring Time,  
 Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,  
 While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,  
 How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy ! 355

Cool ev'ning comes ; the setting sun displays  
 His visible great round between yon tow'rs,  
 As thro' two shady cliffs : away, my Muse !  
 Tho' yet the prospect pleases, ever new  
 In vast variety, and yet delight 360

The many-figur'd sculptures of the path  
 Half beauteous, half effac'd ; the traveller  
 Such antique marbles to his native land  
 Oft hence conveys ; and ev'ry realm and state  
 With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods, 365

Deck their long galleries and winding groves ;  
 Yet miss we not th' innumerable thefts ;

Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.

Suffice it now th' Esquilian Mount to reach  
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests  
Of Maro's humble tenement. A low  
Plain wall remains ; a little sun-gilt heap,  
Grotesque and wild : the gourd and olive brown  
Weave the light roof ; the gourd and olive fan  
I'heir am'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,  
Who drops her purple clusters thro' the green.

370

Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd :  
Here flow'd his fountain, here his laurels grew ;  
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard,  
Fram'd the celestial song, or social walk'd  
With Horace and the ruler of the world :

375

Happy Augustus ! who so well inspir'd  
Could'st throw thy pomps and royalties aside,  
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,  
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,  
Auspicious to the Muses ! then rever'd,

380

Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,  
Or open mountain, or whatever scene  
The poet chose to tune th' ennobling rhyme  
Melodious ; ev'n the rugged sons of War,  
Ev'n the rude hinds, rever'd the poet's name :

385

But now—another age, alas ! is ours—  
Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,  
Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing  
Since Nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,  
And each aggrieves his brother ; since in vain  
The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks

390

Th' o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint disdain.

Seest thou yon fane ? ev'n now incessant time  
Sweeps her low mould'ring marbles to the dust ;  
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,  
Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.

400

'Twas there, beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,  
 Th' astonish'd swains with rev'rend awe beheld  
 Thee, O Quirinus ! and thy brother twin, 405  
 Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp  
 Sportive, while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf  
 Turn'd her stretch'd neck, and form'd your tender  
 limbs :

So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell savage fed  
 Your sacred infancies ; your virtues, toils, 410  
 The conquests, glories, of th' Ausonian state,  
 Wrapp'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,  
 Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,  
 And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,  
 Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls, 415  
 Green rushes spread the roofs ; and here and there  
 Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.  
 Elate with joy, Etruscan Tiber views  
 Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves,  
 Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds, 420  
 And gath'ring swains, and rolls his yellow car  
 To Neptune's court with more majestic train.

Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around,  
 Jealous ; yet soon, by wondrous virtue won,  
 They sink into her bosom. From the plough 425  
 Rose her dictators ; fought, o'ercame, return'd ;  
 Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers !  
 For then no private pomp, no household state,  
 The public only swell'd the gen'rous breast.  
 Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung ? 430  
 Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand ?  
 How Manlius sav'd the Capitol ? the choice  
 Of steady Regulus ? As yet they stood,  
 Simple of life ; as yet seducing wealth  
 Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty 435  
 Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields

With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks  
 Along the flow'ry vallies? they, content,  
 Feasted at Nature's hand, indelicate,  
 Blithe, in their easy taste, and only sought 440  
 To know their duties; that their only strife,  
 Their gen'rous strife, and greatly to perform.  
 They thro' all shapes of peril and of pain,  
 Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death  
 To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd, 445  
 Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,  
 Their dauntless courage: storming Hannibal  
 In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd;  
 The thunder of the battle they return'd  
 Back on his Punic shores, till Carthage fell, 450  
 And danger fled afar. The City gleam'd  
 With precious spoils: alas, prosperity!  
 Ah, baneful state! yet ebb'd not all their strength  
 In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire  
 Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst of gold, 455  
 Rouz'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,  
 Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm  
 Half rais'd her rusty shield; nor could avail  
 The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart,  
 Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief 460  
 Which sev'n brave years beneath the doubtful wing  
 Of vict'ry dreadful roll'd its grinding wheels  
 Over the bloody war: the Roman arms  
 Triumph'd till Fame was silent of their foes.  
 And now the world unrivall'd they enjoy'd 465  
 In proud security: the crested helm,  
 The plated greave and corselet, hung unbrac'd;  
 Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield,  
 But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind.  
 Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie, 470  
 Till ev'ry sun annoys, and ev'ry wind

Has chilling force, and ev'ry rain offends ;  
 For now the frame no more is girt with strength  
 Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart  
 Laughs at the winter-storm and summer-beam, 475  
 Superior to their rage : enfeebling vice  
 Withers each nerve, and opens ev'ry pore  
 To painful feeling : flow'ry bow'rs they seek,  
 (As ether prompts, as the sick sense approves)  
 Or cool nymphean grots, or tepid baths ; 480  
 (Taught by the soft Ionians) they along  
 The lawny vale, of ev'ry beauteous stone,  
 Pile in the roseat air with fond expense :  
 Thro' silver channels glide the vagrant waves,  
 And fall on silver beds crystalline down, 485  
 Melodious murmuring ; while Luxury  
 Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,  
 Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.  
 Swift is the flight of wealth ; unnumber'd wants,  
 Brood of Voluptuousness, cry out aloud 490  
 Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.  
 The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,  
 And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around  
 Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,  
 Corinthian Thericles ; whate'er is known 495  
 Of rarest acquisition ; Tyrian garbs,  
 Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,  
 And flavour'd Chian wines, with incense fum'd,  
 To slake Patrician thirst : for these their rights  
 In the vile streets they prostitute to sale ; 500  
 Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,  
 Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,  
 Is there no villain, that will bind the neck  
 Stretch'd to the yoke ? They come ; the market  
 throngs.  
 But who has most by fraud or force amass'd ? 505

Who most can charm Corruption with his doles?

He be the monarch of the state; and, lo!

Didius, vile usurer! thro' the crowd he mounts,

Beneath his feet the Roman Eagle cowers,

And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.

510

O Britons! O my countrymen! beware;

Gird, gird your hearts: the Romans once were free,

Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er

Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant state,

And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,

515

The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound

Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the shade

Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war;

Immortal Cæsar! Lo! a god, a god!

He cleaves the yielding skies. Cæsar meanwhile

520

Gathers the ocean pebbles, or the gnat

Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal

Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and flings

To dogs and sycophants. A god, a god!

The flow'ry shades and shrines obsene return.

525

But see along the North the tempest swell

O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!

Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,

Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all

Their domes, their villas; down the festive piles,

530

Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,

And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.

Vain end of human strength, of human skill,

Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,

And ease, and luxury! O Luxury!

535

Bane of elated life, of affluent states,

What dreary change, what ruin, is not thine?

How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!

To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave

How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!

540

Dreadful attraction ! while behind thee gapes  
Th' unfathomable gulf where Ashur lies  
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten, and high-boasting Cham,  
And Elam's haughty pomp, and beauteous Greece,  
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome !

# THE FLEECE

## IN FOUR BOOKS

“ Post majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris secunda ratio est, quæ prima sit, si ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas: nam id præcipue nos contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibusque nostris liberaliora præbet velamina.”

—COLUMELLA.

[“ After the larger animals, our concern is with sheep, which would come first, if extent of usefulness were considered; for they furnish us with excellent clothes, and before all others protect us from the cold.”]

### BOOK I

THE care of sheep, the labours of the loom,  
And arts of trade, I sing. Ye rural Nymphs!  
Ye Swains, and princely Merchants! aid the verse.  
And ye, high-trusted Guardians of our Isle  
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth, 5  
To the great charge assigns! ye Good of all  
Degrees, all sects! be present to my song.  
So may distress, and wretchedness, and want,  
The wide felicities of labour learn:  
So may the proud attempts of restless Gaul 10  
From our strong borders, like a broken wave,  
In empty foam retire. But chiefly Thou,  
The people's Shepherd, eminently plac'd

Over the numerous swains of every vale,  
With well-permitted power and watchful eye  
On each gay field to shed beneficence,  
Celestial office ! Thou protect the song.

15

On spacious airy downs and gentle hills,  
With grass and thyme o'erspread, and clover wild,  
Where smiling Phœbus tempers ev'ry breeze,  
The fairest flocks rejoice : they nor of halt,  
Hydropic tumours, nor of rot, complain,  
Evils deform'd and foul : nor with hoarse cough  
Disturb the music of the past'ral pipe ;  
But, crowding to the note, with silence soft  
The close-woven carpet graze, where Nature blends  
Flow'rets and herbage of minutest size,  
Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs  
Are Health's gay walks to shepherd and to sheep.

25

All arid soils, with sand or chalky flint,  
Or shells deluvian mingled, and the turf  
That mantles over rocks of brittle stone,  
Be thy regard ; and where low-tufted broom,  
Or box, or berry'd juniper, arise ;  
Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech ;  
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the dust ;  
And where the dappled deer delights to bound.

35

Such are the downs of Banstead, edg'd with woods  
And towery villas ; such Dorcestrian fields,  
Whose flocks innumerable whiten all the land :  
Such those slow-climbing wilds that lead the step  
Insensibly to Dover's windy cliff,  
Tremendous height ! and such the clover'd lawns  
And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton,  
Health's cheerful haunt, and the selected walk  
Of Heathcote's leisure : such the spacious plain  
Of Sarum, spread like Ocean's boundless round,  
Where solitary Stonehenge, gray with moss,

40

45

Ruin of ages ! nods : such, too, the leas  
 And ruddy tilth which spiry Ross beholds, 50  
 From a green hillock, o'er her lofty elms ;  
 And Lemster's brooky tract and airy Croft ;  
 And such Harleian Eywood's swelling turf,  
 Wav'd as the billows of a rolling sea ;  
 And Shobden, for its lofty terrace fam'd,  
 Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods, 55  
 And girt with all Siluria, seas around  
 Regions on regions blended in the clouds.  
 Pleasant Siluria ! land of various views,  
 Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple groves 60  
 Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth  
 Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles,  
 More airy wild than vines along the sides  
 Of treacherous Falernum, or that hill  
 Vesuvius, where the bowers of Bacchus rose, 65  
 And Herculanean and Pompeian domes.

But if thy prudent care would cultivate  
 Leicestrian Fleeces, what the sinewy arm  
 Combs thro' the spiky steel in lengthen'd flakes ;  
 Rich saponaceous loam, that slowly drinks 70  
 The blackening shower, and fattens with the draught,  
 Or heavy marl's deep clay, be then thy choice,  
 Of one consistence, one complexion, spread  
 Thro' all thy glebe ; where no deceitful veins  
 Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf, 75  
 To loose the creeping waters from their springs,  
 Tainting the pasturage : and let thy fields  
 In slopes descend and mount, that chilling rains  
 May trickle off, and hasten to the brooks.

Yet some defect in all on earth appears : 80  
 All seek for help, all press for social aid.  
 Too cold the grassy mantle of the marle,  
 In stormy winter's long and dreary nights,

For cumbent sheep ; from broken slumber oft  
They rise benumb'd, and vainly shift the couch ; 85  
Their wasted sides their evil plight declare :  
Hence, tender in his care, the shepherd swain  
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail  
At a meet distance from the sheltr'ing mound  
To sink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank 90  
Sow frequent sand, with lime, and dark manure,  
Which to the liquid element will yield  
A porous way, a passage to the foe.

Plough not such pastures ; deep in spongy grass  
The oldest carpet is the warmest lair, 95  
And soundest : in new herbage coughs are heard.

Nor love too frequent shelter, such as decks  
The vale of Severn, Nature's garden wide,  
By the blue steeps of distant Malvern wall'd,  
Solemnly vast. The trees of various shade, 100  
Scene behind scene, with fair delusive pomp  
Enrich the prospect, but they rob the lawns.  
Nor prickly brambles, white with woolly theft,  
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the reniss  
Dimetians, who along their mossy dales 105  
Consume, like grasshoppers, the summer hour,  
While round them stubborn thorns and furze increase,  
And creeping briars. I knew a careful swain  
Who gave them to the crackling flames, and spread  
Their dust saline upon the deepening grass ; 110  
And oft with labour-strengthen'd arm he delv'd  
The draining trench across his verdant slopes,  
To intercept the small meandring rills  
Of upper hamlets. Haughty trees, that sour  
The shaded grass, that weaken thorn-set mounds, 115  
And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd ;  
Only a slender tuft of useful ash,  
And mingled beech and elm, securely tall,

The little smiling cottage warm embower'd ;  
 The little smiling cottage ! where at eve 120  
 He meets his rosy children at the door,  
 Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,  
 With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent  
 To cheer his hunger after labour hard.

Nor only soil, there also must be found 125  
 Felicity of clime, and aspect bland,  
 Where gentle sheep may nourish locks of price.  
 In vain the silken Fleece on windy brows,  
 And northern slopes of cloud-dividing hills,  
 Is sought, tho' soft Iberia spreads her lap 130  
 Beneath their rugged feet and names their heights  
 Biscaian or Segovian. Bothnic realms,  
 And dark Norwegian, with their choicest fields,  
 Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embower'd,  
 In vain the bleaters court. Alike they shun 135  
 Libya's hot plains. What taste have they for groves  
 Of palm, or yellow dust of gold ? no more  
 Food to the flock than to the miser wealth,  
 Who kneels upon the glittering heap and starves.  
 Ev'n Gallic Abbeville the shining Fleece, 140  
 That richly decorates her loom, acquires  
 Basely from Albion, by th' ensnaring bribe,  
 The batc of avarice, which with felon fraud  
 For its own wanton mouth from thousands steals.

How erring oft the judgment in its hate 145  
 Or fond desire ! Those slow-descending showers,  
 Those hovering fogs, that bathe our growing valcs  
 In deep November (loath'd by trifling Gaul,  
 Effeminate), are gifts the Pleiads shed,  
 Britannia's handmaids : as the beverage falls 150  
 Her hills rejoice, her valleys laugh and sing.

Hail, noble Albion ! where no golden mines,  
 No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,

The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man.  
 Enervate: round whose stern cerulean brows 155  
 White-winged snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,  
 Frequent attend, with solemn majesty:  
 Rich queen of Mists and Vapours! these thy sons  
 With their cool arms compress, and twist their nerves  
 For deeds of excellence and high renown. 160  
 Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henries, Churchills,  
 Blakes,  
 Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltos, rose.

See the sun gleams; the living pastures rise,  
 After the nurture of the fallen shower,  
 How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault! 165  
 How verdurous the lawns! how clear the brooks!  
 Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,  
 So sleek, so vast! such spacious flocks of sheep,  
 Like flakes of gold illumining the green,  
 What other paradise adorn but thine, 170  
 Britannia! happy if thy sons would know  
 Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,  
 Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,  
 And ports magnific, add, and stately ships  
 InnumEROus. But whither strays my Muse? 175  
 Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the strand  
 Arriv'd of bright Augusta, wild he roves,  
 From deck to deck, thro' groves immense of masts;  
 'Mong crowds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind;  
 Thro' wharfs, squares, and palaces, and domes, 180  
 In sweet surprise, unable yet to fix  
 His raptur'd mind, or scan in order'd course  
 Each object singly, with discoveries new  
 His native country studious to enrich.

Ye Shepherds! if your labours hope success, 185  
 Be first your purpose to procure a breed  
 To soil and clime adapted. Every soil . . . .

And clime, ev'n every tree and herb, receives  
 Its habitant peculiar: each to each  
 The Great Invisible, and each to all, 190  
 Thro' earth, and sea, and air, harmonious suits.  
 Tempestuous regions, Darwent's naked Peaks,  
 Snowden and blue Plynlymmon, and the wide  
 Aërial sides of Cader-ydris huge;  
 These are bestow'd on goat-horned sheep, of Fleece 195  
 Hairy and coarse, of long and nimble shank,  
 Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouze  
 Alternate, to collect, with due dispatch,  
 O'er the bleak wild, the thinly-scatter'd meal:  
 But hills of milder air, that gently rise 200  
 O'er dewy dales, a fairer species boast,  
 Of shorter limb, and frontlet more ornate:  
 Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends  
 Near Cotswold Downs, or the delicious groves  
 Of Symmonds, honour'd thro' the sandy soil 205  
 Of elmy Ross, or Devon's myrtle vales,  
 That drink clear rivers near the glassy sea,  
 Regard this sort, and hence thy sire of lambs  
 Select: his tawny Fleece in ringlets curl;  
 Long swings his slender tail; his front is fenc'd 210  
 With horns Ammonian, circulating twice  
 Around each open ear, like those fair scrolls  
 That grace the columns of th' Iōnic dome.  
 Yet should thy fertile glebe be marly clay,  
 Like Melton pastures, or Tripontian fields, 215  
 Where ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave  
 Thwarts the long course of dusty Watling-street;  
 That larger sort, of head defenceless, seek,  
 Whose Fleece is deep and clammy, close and plain;  
 The ram short-limbed, whose form compact 220  
 describes  
 One level line along his spacious back;

Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, stretch'd head,  
Nostrils dilated, breast and shoulders broad,  
And spacious haunches, and a lofty dock.

Thus to their kindred soil and air induc'd,

225

Thy thriving herd will bless thy skilful care,

That copies Nature, who, in every change,

In each variety, with wisdom works,

And powers diversifi'd of air and soil,

Her rich materials. Hence Sabaea's rocks,

230

Chaldaea's marle, Egyptus' water'd loam,

And dry Cyrene's sand, in climes alike,

With different stores supply the marts of trade :

Hence Zembla's icy tracks no bleaters hear :

Small are the Russian herds, and harsh their Fleece ; 235

Of light esteem Germanic, far remote

From soft sea-breezes, open winters mild,

And summers bath'd in dew : on Syrian sheep

The costly burden only loads their tails :

No locks Cormandel's, none Malacca's, tribe

240

Adorn ; but sleek of flix, and brown like deer,

Fearful and shepherdless, they bound along

The sands. No Fleeces wave in torrid climes,

Which verdure boast of trees and shrubs alone,

Shrubs aromatic, caufee wild, or thea,

245

Nutmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,

Unapt to feed the Fleece. The food of wool

Is grass or herbage soft, that ever blooms

In temp'rate air, in the delicious downs

Of Albion, on the banks of all her streams.

250

Of grasses are unnumber'd kinds, and all

(Save where foul waters linger on the turf)

Salubrious. Early mark when tepid gleams

Oft mingle with the pearls of summer showers,

And swell too hastily the tender plains ;

Then snatch away thy sheep : beware the rot ;

255

And with deterersive bay-salt rub their mouths,  
 Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,  
 In hunger's kind distress, on tedded hay ;  
 Or to the marish guide their easy steps, 260  
 If near thy tufted crofts the broad sea spreads.  
 Sagacious care foreacts. When strong disease  
 Breaks in, and stains the purple streams of health,  
 Hard is the strife of art. The coughing pest  
 From their green pasture sweeps whole flocks away. 265

That dire distemper, sometimes may the swain,  
 Tho' late, discern ; when on the lifted lid,  
 Or visual orb, the turgid veins are pale,  
 The swelling liver then her putrid store  
 Begins to drink : ev'n yet thy skill exert, 270  
 Nor suffer weak despair to fold thy arms :  
 Again deterersive salt apply, or shed  
 The hoary med'cine o'er their arid food.

In cold stiff soils the bleaters oft complain  
 Of gouty ails, by shepherds term'd the Halt : 275  
 Those let the neighb'ring fold or ready crook  
 Detain, and pour into their cloven feet  
 Corrosive drugs, deep-searching arsenic,  
 Dry alum, verdigrise, or vitriole keen :  
 But if the doubtful mischief scarce appears, 280  
 'Twill serve to shift them to a dryer turf,  
 And salt again. Th' utility of salt  
 Teach thy slow swains ; redundant humours cold  
 Are the diseases of the bleating kind.

Th' infectious scab, arising from extremes 285  
 Of want or surfeit, is by water cured  
 Of lime, or sodden staves-acre, or oil  
 Dispersive of Norwegian tar, renown'd  
 By virtuous Berkeley, whose benevolence  
 Explored its pow'rs, and easy med'cine thence 290  
 Sought for the poor. Ye Poor! with grateful voice

Invoke eternal blessings on his head.

Sheep also pleurisies and dropsies know,  
Driven oft from Nature's path by artful man,  
Who blindly turns aside, with haughty hand,  
Whom sacred Instinct would securely lead.

295

But thou, more humble Swain! thy rural gates  
Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad  
From lea to croft, from mead to arid field,  
Noting the fickle seasons of the sky.

300

Rain-sated pastures let them shun, and seek  
Changes of herbage and salubrious flowers.  
By their All-perfect Master inly taught,  
They best their food and physic can discern ;  
For He, Supreme Existence! ever near,  
Informs them. O'er the vivid green observe  
With what a regular consent they crop,  
At every fourth collection to the mouth,  
Unsav'ry crow-flow'r; whether to awake  
Languor of appetite with lively change,  
Or timely to repel approaching ills,  
Hard to determine. Thou, whom Nature loves,  
And with her salutary rules intrusts,  
Benevolent Mackenzie! say the cause.

305

This truth howe'er shines bright to human sense ;  
Each strong affection of th' unconscious brute,  
Each bent, each passion of the smallest mite,  
Is wisely giv'n: harmonious they perform  
The work of perfect reason (blush, vain Man!),  
And turn the wheels of Nature's vast machine.

315

See that thy scrip have store of healing tar,  
And marking pitch and raddle; nor forget  
Thy shears true pointed, nor th' officious dog,  
Faithful to teach thy stragglers to return;  
So may'st thou aid who lag along, or steal  
Aside into the furrows or the shades,

320

Silent to droop ; or who at ev'ry gate  
 Or hillock rub their sores and loosen'd wool.  
 But rather these, the feeble of thy flock,  
 Banish before th' autumnal months. Ev'n age 330  
 Forbear too much to favour : oft renew  
 And thro' thy fold let joyous youth appear.

Beware the season of imperial Love,  
 Who thro' the world his ardent spirit pours ;  
 Ev'n sheep are then intrepid ! the proud ram 335  
 With jealous eye surveys the spacious field :  
 All rivals keep aloof, or desp'rate war  
 Suddenly rages ; with impetuous force,  
 And fury irresistible, they dash  
 Their hardy frontlets : the wide vale resounds : 340  
 The flock, amaz'd, stands safe afar ; and oft  
 Each to the other's might a victim falls ;  
 As fell of old, before that engine's sway,  
 Which hence ambition imitative wrought,  
 The beauteous tow'rs of Salem to the dust. 345

Wise custom at the fifth or six return,  
 Or ere they 'ave past the twelfth, of orient morn,  
 Castrates the lambkins ; necessary rite,  
 Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd.  
 But kindly watch whom thy sharp hand has grieved, 350  
 In those rough months that lift the turning year :  
 Not tedious is the office ; to thy aid  
 Favonius hastens ; soon their wounds he heals,  
 And leads them skipping to the flow'rs of May ;  
 May ! who allows to fold, if poor the tilth, 355  
 Like that of dreary houseless common fields,  
 Worn by the plough ; but fold on fallows dry.  
 Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land,  
 Nor in too narrow bounds the pris'ners crowd ;  
 Nor ope the wattled fence while balmy Morn 360  
 Lies on the reeking pasture : wait till all

The crystal dews, impearl'd upon the grass,  
Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,  
With various clouds to paint the azure sky.

In teasing fly-time, dank or frosty days, 365  
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,  
Rub their soft skins between the parted locks :  
Thus the Brigantes: 't is not idle pains:  
Nor is that skill despis'd which trims their tails,  
Ere summer-heats, of filth and tagged wool. 370  
Coolness and cleanliness to health conduce.

To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to soil,  
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy sheep,  
Hurdles to weave, and cheerly shelters raise,  
Thy vacant hours require ; and ever learn 375  
Quick ether's motions: oft the scene is turn'd ;  
Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,  
Hail, rain, or radiance: these the moon will tell,  
Each bird and beast, and these thy fleecy tribe.  
When high the sapphire cope, supine they couch, 380  
And chew the cud delighted ; but ere rain  
Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed.

Slight not the warning ; soon the tempest rolls,  
Scatt'ring them wide, close rushing at the heels  
Of th' hurrying o'ertaken swains: forbear 385  
Such nights to fold ; such nights be theirs to shift  
On ridge or hillock ; or in homesteads soft,  
Or softer cots, detain them. Is thy lot  
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils  
Untractable? Before harsh winter drowns 390  
The noisy dykes, and starves the rushy glebe,  
Shift the frail breed to sandy hamlets warm ;  
There let them sojourn, till gay Procne skims  
The thick'ning verdure and the rising flow'rs.  
And while departing autumn all embrowns 395  
The frequent-bitten fields, while thy free hand

Divides the tedded hay, then be their feet  
 Accustom'd to the barriers of the rick,  
 Or some warm umbrage ; left, in erring flight,  
 When the broad dazzling snows descend, they run 400  
 Dispers'd to ditches, where the swelling drift  
 Wide overwhelms: anxious, the shepherd swains  
 Issue with axe and spade, and, all abroad,  
 In doubtful aim explore the glaring waste,  
 And some, perchance, in the deep delve upraise, 405  
 Drooping, ev'n at the twelfth cold dreary day,  
 With still continu'd feeble pulse of life,  
 The glebe, their Fleece, their flesh, by hunger gnaw'd.

Ah, gentle Shepherd ! thine the lot to tend,  
 Of all that feel distress, the most assail'd, 410  
 Feeble, defenceless : lenient be thy care ;  
 But spread around thy tend'rest diligence  
 In flow'ry spring-time, when the new-dropp'd lamb,  
 Tott'ring with weakness by his mother's side,  
 Feels the fresh world about him, and each thorn, 415  
 Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet :  
 O ! guard his meek sweet innocence from all  
 Th' innumerable ills that rush around his life ;  
 Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,  
 Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain ; 420  
 Observe the lurking crows ; beware the brake,  
 There the sly fox the careless minute waits ;  
 Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky :  
 Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.  
 Eurus oft slings his hail ; the tardy fields 425  
 Pay not their promis'd food ; and oft the dam  
 O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,  
 Or fails to guard when the bold bird of prey  
 Alights, and hops in many turns around,  
 And tires her, also turning : to her aid 430  
 Be nimble, and the weakest in thine arms

Gently convey to the warm cot and oft,  
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,  
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk :

In this soft office may thy children join,  
And charitable habits learn in sport :

435

Nor yield him to himself ere vernal airs  
Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers :

Nor yet forget him ; life has rising ills :

Various as ether is the past'ral care :

440

Thro' slow experience, by a patient breast,  
The whole long lesson gradual is attain'd,  
By precept after precept, oft receiv'd

With deep attention ; such as Nuceus sings  
To the full vale near Soar's enamour'd brook,

445

While all is silence : sweet Hinclean swain !

Whom rude Obscurity severely clasps :

The Muse, howe'er, will deck thy simple cell  
With purple violets and primrose flowers,

Well-pleas'd thy faithful lessons to repay.

450

Sheep no extremes can bear : both heat and cold

Spread sores cutaneous ; but more frequent heat.

The fly-blown vermin from their woolly nest

Press to the tortur'd skin, and flesh, and bone,

In littleness and number dreadful foes !

455

Long rains in miry winter cause the halt ;

Rainy luxuriant summers rot your flock ;

And all excess, ev'n of salubrious food,

As sure destroys as famine or the wolf.

Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame,

460

Which all extremes in every zone endures.

With grateful heart, ye British Swains ! enjoy  
Your gentle seasons and indulgent clime.

Lo ! in the sprinkling clouds your bleating hills

Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage

465

Of winter irresistible o'erwhelms

Th' Hyperborean tracks : his arrowy frosts,  
That pierce thro' flinty rocks, the Lappian flies,  
And burrows deep beneath the snowy world ;  
A drear abode ! from rose diffusing hours, 470  
That dance before the wheels of radiant day,  
Far, far remote ; where, by the squalid light  
Of fetid oil inflam'd, sea-monsters' spume,  
Or fir-wood, glaring in the weeping vault,  
Twice three slow gloomy months with various ills 475  
Sullen he struggles ; such the love of life !  
His lank and scanty herds around him press,  
As, hunger-stung, to gritty meal he grinds  
The bones of fish, or inward bark of trees,  
Their common sustenance ; while ye, O Swains ! 480  
Ye, happy at your ease, behold your sheep  
Feed on the open turf, or crowd the tilth,  
Where, thick among the greens, with busy mouths  
They scoop white turnips : little care is yours ;  
Only at morning hour to interpose 485  
Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle straw,  
The wat'ry juices of the bossy root  
Absorbing ; or from noxious air to screen  
Your heavy teeming ewes with wattled fence  
Of furze or copse-wood in the lofty field, 490  
Which bleak ascends among the whistling winds :  
Or, if your sheep are of Silurian breed,  
Nightly to house them dry on fern or straw,  
Silk'ning their Fleeces. Ye nor rolling hut  
Nor watchful dog require, where never roar 495  
Of savage tears the air, where careless Night  
In balmy sleep lies lull'd, and only wakes  
To plenteous peace. Alas ! o'er warmer zones  
Wild terror strides, their stubborn rocks are rent,  
Their mountains sink, their yawning caverns flame, 500  
And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,

Proud cities deluging ; Pompeian tow'rs,  
And Herculanean, and what riotous stood  
In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea  
'Mong solitary hills infectious lies.

505

See the swift Furies, famine, plague, and war,  
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighb'ring realms,  
And spread their plains with desolation wide !  
Yet your mild homesteads ever-blooming smile  
Aniong embracing woods, and waft on high  
The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops  
Of chimneys curling o'er the gloomy trees  
In airy azure ringlets to the sky.

510

Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic swains,  
And Tarentine, with skins to clothe your sheep,  
Expensive toil, howe'er expedient found  
In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams  
They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.  
But those expensive toils are now no more,  
Proud Tyranny devours their flocks and herds :  
Nor bleat of sheep may now, nor sound of pipe,  
Sooth the sad plains of once sweet Arcady,  
The shepherds' kingdom : dreary solitude  
Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the shaggy vale  
Of Athens, which in solemn silence sheds  
Her venerable ruins to the dust.

515

520

525

The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,  
Guiding the languid herd in quest of food,  
And shift their little home's uncertain scene  
With frequent farewell ; strangers, pilgrims all,  
As were their fathers. No sweet fall of rain  
May there be heard ; nor sweeter liquid lapse  
Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by  
In murmurs : goaded by the rage of thirst,  
Daily they journey to the distant clefts  
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang

530

535

The ancient wells, deep sunk by toil immense,  
 Toil of the patriarchs, with sublime intent  
 Themselves and long posterity to serve.  
 There, at the public hour of sultry noon, 540  
 They share the bev'rage, when to wat'ring come,  
 And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,  
 And their lean flocks, whose various bleatings fill  
 The echoing caverns : then is absent none,  
 Fair nymph or shepherd, each inspiring each 545  
 To wit, and song, and dance, and active feats ;  
 In the same rustic scene, where Jacob won  
 Fair Rachel's bosom, when a rock's vast weight  
 From the deep dark-mouth'd well his strength remov'd,  
 And to her circling sheep refreshment gave. 550

Such are the perils, such the toils, of life,  
 In foreign climes. But speed thy flight, my Muse !  
 Swift turns the year, and our unnumber'd flocks  
 On Fleeces overgrown uneasy lie.

Now, jolly Swains ! the harvest of your cares 555  
 Prepare to reap, and seek the sounding caves  
 Of high Brigantium, where, by ruddy flames,  
 Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around  
 The steady anvil and the glaring mass  
 Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns, 560  
 Flatt'ning the steel : from their rough hands receive  
 The sharpen'd instrument that from the flock  
 Severs the Fleece. If verdant elder spreads  
 Her silver flow'rs ; if humble daisies yield  
 To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant grass, 565  
 Gay shearing-time approaches. First, howe'er,  
 Drive to the double fold, upon the brim  
 Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,  
 And plunge them one by one into the flood :  
 Plung'd in the flood, not long the struggler sinks, 570  
 With his white flakes that glisten thro' the tide ;

The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave,  
 Awaits to seize him rising ; one arm bears  
 His lifted head above the limpid stream,  
 While the full clammy Fleece the other laves      575  
 Around, laborious, with repeated toil ;  
 And then resigns him to the sunny bank,  
 Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.

Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,  
 Lest touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin.      580  
 Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield  
 Their yearly tribute : 'tis the prudent part  
 To cherish and be gentle, while ye strip  
 The downy vesture from their tender sides.

Press not too close ; with caution turn the points,      585  
 And from the head in regular rounds proceed :  
 But speedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar  
 Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat ;  
 And careful house them, if the low'ring clouds  
 Mingle their stores tumultuous : thro' the gloom      590  
 Then thunder oft with pond'rous wheels rolls loud,  
 And breaks the crystal urns of heav'n ; adown  
 Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the steeps  
 Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades !)  
 Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell,      595  
 And sudden overwhelm their vanish'd fields :  
 Down with the flood away the naked sheep,  
 Bleating in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts,  
 And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,  
 Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.      600

At shearing-time along the lively vales  
 Rural festivities are often heard ;  
 Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy  
 And lusty merriment. While on the grass  
 The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,  
 We think the Golden Age again return'd,      605

And all the fabled Dryades in dance :  
 Leering they bound along, with laughing air,  
 To the shrill pipe, and deep remurm'ring-cords  
 Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound. 610

While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,  
 Attend the tuneful carol, softly mix'd  
 With every murmur of the sliding wave,  
 And every warble of the feather'd choir,  
 Music of Paradise! which still is heard 615  
 When the heart listens, still the views appear  
 Of the first happy garden, when Content  
 To Nature's flowery scenes directs the sight.  
 Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,  
 Then idly for the lost delight repine ; 620  
 As greedy mariners, whose desp'rate sails  
 Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,  
 Fancy they see the lessening shores retire,  
 And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.

Could I recall those notes which once the Muse 625  
 Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides  
 Of blue-topp'd Wreakin ! Yet the carols sweet  
 Thro' the deep maze of the memorial cell  
 Faintly remurmur. First arose in song  
 Hoar-headed Damon, venerable Swain ! 630  
 The soothest shepherd of the flow'ry vale,  
 " This is no vulgar scene ; no palace roof  
 Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise  
 Their polish'd pillars as these aged oaks,  
 Which o'er our Fleecy wealth and harmless sports 635  
 Thus have expanded wide their shelt'ring arms  
 Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet Content,  
 Ye gentle shepherds ! pillow us at night."

" Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are short,  
 Rising and falling with the cheerful day," 640  
 Colin reply'd ; " and pleasing weariness

Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.  
Is it in cities so? where, poets tell,  
The cries of Sorrow sadden all the streets,  
And the diseases of intemp'rate wealth.

645

Alas! that any ills from wealth should rise!"

" May the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,  
May this clear stream, those lawns, these snow-white  
lambs,  
Which with a pretty innocence of look  
Skip on the green, and race in little troops; 650  
May that great lamp which sinks behind the hills,  
And streams around variety of lights,  
Recall them erring! this is Damon's wish."

" Huge Breaden's stony summit once I climb'd  
After a kidling: Damon, what a scene! 655  
What various views unnumber'd spread beneath!  
Woods, tow'rs, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and torrent  
floods,  
And here and there, between the spiry rocks,  
The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these  
Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns, 660  
Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun:  
Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crowds  
Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth,  
Which comes too late, that courts the taste in vain,  
Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye Rich! 665  
Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life;  
And piping, careless, silly shepherds we,  
We silly shepherds, all intent to feed  
Our snowy flocks, and wind the sleeky Fleece."

" Deem not, however, our occupation mean," 670  
Damon reply'd, " while the Supreme accounts  
Well of the faithful shepherd, rank'd alike  
With king and priest: they also shepherds are;  
For so th' All-seeing styles them, to remind

Elated man, forgetful of his charge."

675

" But haste, begin the rites : see purple Eve  
 Stretches her shadows : all ye Nymphs and Swains !  
 Hither assemble. Pleas'd with honours due,  
 Sabrina, guardian of the crystal flood,  
 Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight clear 680  
 Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds ;  
 Or in hoar caves around Plynlymmon's brow,  
 Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,  
 Among her sisters she reclines ; the lov'd  
 Vaga, profuse of graces, Ryddol rough, 685  
 Blithe Ystwith, and Clevedoc, swift of foot ;  
 And mingles various seeds of flow'rs and herbs,  
 In the divided torrents, ere they burst  
 Thro' the dark clouds, and down the mountain roll.  
 Nor taint-worm shall infect the yearning herds, 690  
 Nor penny-grass nor spearwort's pois'nous leaf."

He said : with light fantastic toe the nymphs  
 Thither assembled, thither every swain ;  
 And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flow'rs,  
 Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks, 695  
 Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,  
 And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.

Such custom holds along th' irriguous vales  
 From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn,  
 Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled 700  
 The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud,  
 With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly cheer,  
 Spread on a mossy bank, untouch'd abides  
 Till cease the rites ; and now the mossy bank  
 Is gaily circled, and the jolly cheer 705  
 Dispers'd in copious measure ; early fruits,  
 And those of frugal store, in husk or rind ;  
 Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream  
 Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,

And cast about their gibes ; and some apace 710  
 Whistle to roundelay : their little ones  
 Look on delighted ; while the mountain-woods  
 And winding valleys with the various notes  
 Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,  
 Unite their echoes : near at hand the wide 715  
 Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls  
 Along the deep-divided glebe : the flood,  
 And trading bark with low contracted sail,  
 Linger among the reeds and cosy banks  
 'To listen, and to view the joyous scene. 720

## BOOK II

Now of the sever'd lock begin the song  
 With various numbers, thro' the simple theme  
 To win attention : this, ye Shepherd Swains !  
 This is a labour. Yet, O Wray ! if thou  
 Cease not with skilful hand to point her way, 5  
 The lark-wing'd Muse above the grassy vale,  
 And hills, and woods, shall, singing soar aloft ;  
 And he whom learning, wisdom, candour, grace,  
 Who glows with all the virtues of his sire,  
 Royston ! approve, and patronise the strain. 10

Thro' all the brute creation none as sheep  
 To lordly man such ample tribute pay.  
 For him their udders yield nectareous streams ;  
 For him their downy vestures they resign ;  
 For him they spread the feast : ah ! ne'er may he 1  
 Glory in wants which doom to pain and death

His blameless fellow-creatures. Let disease,  
 Let wasted hunger, by destroying live,  
 And the permission use with trembling thanks,  
 Meekly reluctant : 't is the brute beyond ;  
 And gluttons ever murder when they kill.

20

Ev'n to the reptile every cruel deed  
 Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,  
 Not of the sanguinary tribe are all ;  
 All are not savage. Come, ye gentle Swains !

25

Like Brama's healthy sons on Indus' banks,  
 Whom the pure stream and garden fruits sustain ;  
 Ye are the sons of Nature ; your mild hands  
 Are innocent : ye when ye shear relieve.

Come, gentle Swains ! the bright unsully'd locks  
 Collect ; alternate songs shall soothe your cares,  
 And warbling music break from every spray.

30

Be faithful, and the genuine locks alone  
 Wrap round ; nor alien flake nor pitch enfold ;  
 Stain not your stores with base desire to add  
 Fallacious weight ; nor yet, to mimic those,  
 Minute and light, of sandy Urchinfield,  
 Lessen, with subtle artifice, the Fleece ;  
 Equal the fraud : nor interpose delay,

35

Lest busy ether thro' the open wool

40

Debilitating pass, and every film

Ruffle and sully with the valley's dust.

Guard, too, from moisture, and the fretting moth

Pernicious : she, in gloomy shade conceal'd,

Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care : 45

But in loose locks of fells she most delights,

And feeble Fleeces of distemper'd sheep,

Whither she hastens, by the morbid scent

Allur'd, as the swift eagle to the fields

Of slaught'ring war or carnage : such apart

Keep for their proper use : our ancestors

50

Selected such for hospitable beds  
 To rest the stranger, or the gory chief  
 From battle or the chase of wolves return'd.

When many-colour'd ev'ning sinks behind 55  
 The purple woods and hills, and opposite  
 Rises, full-orb'd, the silver harvest moon,  
 To light th' unwearied farmer, late a-field  
 His scatter'd sheaves collecting, then expect  
 The artists, bent on speed, from populous Leeds, 60  
 Norwich, or Froome ; they traverse every plain  
 And every dale where farm or cottage smokes :  
 Reject them not ; and let the season's price  
 Win thy soft treasures ; let the bulky wain  
 Thro' dusty roads roll nodding ; or the bark, 65  
 That silently adown the cerule stream  
 Glides with white sails, dispense the downy freight  
 To cosy villages on either side,  
 And spiry towns, where ready Diligence,  
 The grateful burden to receive, awaits, 70  
 Like strong Briareus, with his hundred hands.

In the same Fleece diversity of wool  
 Grows intermingled, and excites the care  
 Of curious skill to sort the several kinds.  
 But in this subtle science none exceed 75  
 Th' industrious Belgians, to the work who guide  
 Each feeble hand of want : their spacious domes,  
 With boundless hospitality, receive  
 Each nation's outcasts : there the tender eye  
 May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame, employ'd, 80  
 And unreject'd age : ev'n childhood there  
 Its little fingers turning to the toil  
 Delighted : nimbly, with habitual speed,  
 They sever lock from lock, and long, and short,  
 And soft, and rigid, pile in sev'ral heaps. 85  
 This the dusk hatter asks : another shines

Tempting the clothier ; that the hosier seeks ;  
 The long bright lock is apt for airy stuffs ;  
 But often it deceives the artist's care,  
 Breaking unuseful in the steely comb : 90  
 For this long spungy wool no more increase  
 Receives while winter petrifies the fields :  
 The growth of Autumn stops ; and what tho' Spring  
 Succeeds with rosy finger, and spins on  
 The texture ? yet in vain she strives to link 95  
 The silver twine to that of Autumn's hand.  
 Be then the swain advis'd to shield his flocks  
 From winter's dead'ning frosts and whelming snows ;  
 Let the loud tempest rattle on the roof,  
 While they, secure within, warm cribs enjoy, 100  
 And swell their Fleeces, equal to the worth  
 Of cloath'd Apulian, by soft warmth improv'd ;  
 Or let them inward heat and vigour find  
 By food of cole or turnip, hardy plants.  
 Besides, the lock of one continued growth 105  
 Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.

But lightest wool is theirs who poorly toil  
 Thro' a dull round in unimproving farms  
 Of common fields. Inclose, inclose, ye Swains !  
 Why will you joy in common field, where pitch, 110  
 Noxious to wood, must stain your motley flock,  
 To mark your property ? the mark dilates,  
 Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd,  
 Unfit for beauteous tint. Besides, in fields  
 Promiscuous held all culture languishes ;  
 The glebe, exhausted, thin supply receives ; 115  
 Dull waters rest upon the rushy flats  
 And barren furrows : none the rising grove  
 There plants for late posterity, nor hedge  
 To shield the flock, nor copse for cheering fire ;  
 And in the distant village every hearth 120

Devours the grassy sward, the verdant food  
 Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough  
 Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain :  
 Pernicious habit ! drawing gradual on  
 Increasing beggary, and Nature's frowns.  
 Add too, the idle pilf'rer easier there  
 Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe  
 From intermingled flocks he steals ; or when,  
 With loosen'd tether of his horse or cow,  
 The milky stalk of the tall green-ear'd corn,  
 The year's slow rip'ning fruit, the anxious hope  
 Of his laborious neighbour, he destroys.

125

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155

There are who over-rate our spungy stores,  
 Who deem that Nature grants no clime but ours  
 To spread upon its fields the dews of heav'n,  
 And feed the silky Fleece ; that card nor comb  
 The hairy wool of Gaul can ne'er subdue,  
 To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,  
 Unless a third from Britain swell the heap :  
 Illusion all ; tho' of our sun and air  
 Not trivial is the virtue, nor their fruit  
 Upon our snowy flocks of small esteem :  
 The grain of brightest tincture none so well  
 Imbibes : the wealthy Gobelins must to this  
 Bear witness, and the costliest of their looms.

And though with hue of crocus or of rose  
 No pow'r of subtle food, or air, or soil,  
 Can dye the living Fleece ; yet 't will avail  
 To note their influence in the tinging vase :  
 Therefore from herbage of old pastur'd plains,  
 Chief from the matted turf of azure marl  
 Where grow the whitest locks, collect thy stores.  
 Those fields regard not thro' whose recent turf  
 The miry soil appears ; nor ev'n the streams  
 Of Yare or silver Stroud can purify

Their frequent fully'd Fleece ; nor what rough winds,  
Keen biting on tempestuous hills, imbrown.

Yet much may be perform'd to check the force  
Of Nature's rigour : the high heath, by trees 160  
Warm shelter'd, may despise the rage of storms :  
Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to smile,  
And leave in dikes their soon-forgotten tears.

Labour and Art will every aim achieve  
Of noble bosoms. Bedford Level, erst 165  
A dreary pathless waste, the coughing flock  
Was wont with hairy Fleeces to deform,  
And, smiling with her lure of summer flow'rs,  
The heavy ox vain struggling to ingulf ;  
Till one of that high honour'd patriot name, 170  
Russel ! arose, who drain'd the rushy fen,  
Confin'd the waves, bade groves and gardens bloom,  
And thro' his new creation led the Ouse  
And gentle Camus, silver-winding streams :  
God-like beneficence ! from chaos drear 175  
To raise the garden and the shady grove.

But see Ierne's moors and hideous bogs,  
Immeasurable track ! the traveller  
Slow tries his mazy step on th' yielding tuft,  
Shudd'ring with fear : ev'n such perfidious wilds, 180  
By labour won, have yielded to the comb  
The fairest length of wool. See Deeping Fens,  
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis art and toil  
Gives Nature value, multiplies her stores,  
Varies, improves, creates : 'tis art and toil 185  
Teaches her woody hills with fruits to shine,  
The pear and tasteful apple ; decks with flow'rs  
And foodful pulse the fields that often rise,  
Admiring to behold their furrows wave  
With yellow corn. What changes cannot Toil, 190  
With patient Art, effect ? There was a time

When other regions were the swain's delight,  
 And shepherdless Britannia's rushy vales,  
 Inglorious, neither trade nor labour knew,  
 But of rude baskets, homely rustic gear,  
 Woven of the exile willow ; till at length,  
 The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand  
 Of patient Culture, and o'er sinking woods  
 High Cotswold show'd her summits. Urchinfield,  
 And Lemster's crofts, beneath the pheasant's brake 200  
 Long lay unnoted. Toil new pasture gives,  
 And in the regions oft of active Gaul  
 O'er less'ning vineyards spreads the growing turf.

In eldest times, when kings and hardy chiefs  
 In bleating sheepfolds met, for purest wool 205  
 Phœnicia's hilly tracks were most renown'd,  
 And fertile Syria's and Judea's land,  
 Hermon and Seir, and Hebron's brooky sides.  
 Twice with these murex, crimson hue, they ting'd  
 The shining Fleeces ; hence their gorgeous wealth ; 210  
 And hence arose the walls of ancient Tyre.

Next busy Colchis, bless'd with frequent rains  
 And lively verdure (who the lucid stream  
 Of Phasis boasted, and a portly race  
 Of fair inhabitants), improv'd the Fleece,  
 When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought,  
 The fam'd Thessalian ram enrich'd her plains.

This rising Greece with indignation view'd,  
 And youthful Jason an attempt conceiv'd  
 Lofty and bold : along Peneus' banks,  
 Around Olympus' brows, the Muses' haunts,  
 He rouz'd the brave to re-demand the Fleece.  
 Attend, ye British Swains ! the ancient song.  
 From ev'ry region of Ægea's shore  
 The brave assembled ; those illustrious twins,  
 Castor and Pollux ; Orpheus, tuneful bard ;

195

205

215

220

225

Zetes and Calais, as the wind in speed ;  
 Strong Hercules, and many a chief renown'd.

On deep Iolcos' sandy shore they throng'd,  
 Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits ;  
 And soon the laurel cord and the huge stone  
 Uplifting to the deck, unmoor'd the bark,  
 Whose keel, of wondrous length, the skilful hand  
 Of Argus fashion'd for the proud attempt ;

And in th' extended keel a lofty mast  
 Uprais'd, and sails full swelling, to the chiefs  
 Unwonted objects : now first, now they learn'd  
 Their bolder steerage over ocean wave,  
 Led by the golden stars, as Chiron's art

Had mark'd the sphere celestial. Wide abroad 240  
 Expands the purple deep ; the cloudy isles,  
 Scyros and Scopelos, and Icos, rise,  
 And Halonesos : soon huge Lemnos heaves  
 Her azure head above the level brine,  
 Shakes off her mists, and brightens all her cliffs ; 245  
 While they, her flattering creeks and opening bowers  
 Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port  
 Cast out the cabled stone upon the strand.

Next to the Mysian shore they shape their course,  
 But with too eager haste : in the white foam

His oar Alcides breaks ; howe'er, not long  
 The chance detains ; he springs upon the shore,  
 And rifting from the roots a tapering pine,  
 Renews his stroke. Between the threat'ning tow'rs  
 Of Hellespont they ply the rugged surge, 255  
 To Hero's and Leander's ardent love

Fatal ; then smooth Propontis' wid'ning wave,  
 That like a glassy lake expands, with hills,  
 Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt :  
 And now the Thracian Bosphorus they dare, 260  
 Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks !

Threaten approach ; but they, unterrify'd,  
 Thro' the sharp-pointed cliffs and thund'ring floods  
 Cleave their bold passage ; nathless by the crags.  
 And torrents sorely shatter'd : as the strong 265  
 Eagle or vulture, in th' entangling net  
 Involv'd, breaks thro', yet leaves his plumes behind,  
 Thus thro' the wide waves their slow way they force  
 To Thynia's hospitable isle. The brave  
 Pass many perils, and to fame by such 270  
 Experience rise. Refresh'd, again they speed  
 From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd streams,  
 Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths  
 Of Apsarus and Glaucus, rolling swift  
 To the broad deep their tributary waves, 275  
 Till in the long-sought harbour they arrive  
 Of golden Phasis. Foremost on the strand  
 Jason advanc'd : the deep capacious bay,  
 The crumbling terrace of the marble port,  
 Wond'ring he view'd, and stately palace-domes, 280  
 Pavilions proud of Luxury : around,  
 In every glitt'ring hall, within, without,  
 O'er all the timbrel-sounding squares and streets  
 Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crowds  
 Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal 285  
 Attentive none he found ; for he, their chief  
 Of shepherds, proud Aeëtes, by the name  
 Sometimes of King distinguish'd, 'gan to slight  
 The shepherd's trade, and turn to song and dance :  
 Ev'n Hydrus ceas'd to watch ; Medea's songs 290  
 Of joy, and rosy youth, and beauty's charms,  
 With magic sweetness lull'd his cares asleep,  
 Till the bold heroes grasp'd the Golden Fleece.  
 Nimbly they wing'd the bark, surrounded soon  
 By Neptune's friendly waves : secure they speed 295  
 O'er the known seas, by ev'ry guiding cape,

With prosperous return. The myrtle shores,  
 And glassy mirror of Iolcos' lake,  
 With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Every vale,  
 And every hillock, touch'd the tuneful stops  
 Of pipes unnumber'd, for the Ram regain'd. 300

Thus Phasis lost his pride : his slighted nymphs  
 Along the withering dales and pastures mourn'd ;  
 The trade-ship left his streams ; the merchant shunn'd  
 His desert borders ; each ingenious art,  
 Trade, Liberty, and Affluence, all retir'd,  
 And left to Want and Servitude their seats ;  
 Vile successors ! and gloomy Ignorance,  
 Following like dreary Night, whose sable hand  
 Hangs on the purple skirts of flying day. 310

Sithence the Fleeces of Arcadian plains,  
 And Attic and Thessalian, bore esteem ;  
 And those in Grecian colonies dispers'd,  
 Caria and Doris, and Ionia's coast,  
 And fam'd Tarentum, where Galesus' tide,  
 Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,  
 Thro' solitary vallies seeks the sea :  
 Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps  
 High-crown'd, whose woods and snowy peaks aloft  
 Shield her low plains from the rough northern blast. 315  
 Those too of Boetica's delicious fields,  
 With golden fruitage bless'd of highest taste,  
 What need I name ? the Turdetanian track,  
 Or rich Coraxus, whose wide looms unroll'd  
 The finest webs ? where scarce a talent weigh'd  
 A ram's equivalent. Then only tin 320  
 To late-improv'd Britannia gave renown.

Lo ! the revolving course of mighty Time,  
 Who loftiness abases, tumbles down  
 Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale. 325  
 Where is the majesty of ancient Rome,

The throng of heroes in her splendid streets,  
 The snowy vest of peace, or purple robe,  
 Slow trail'd triumphal? where the Attic Fleece,  
 And Tarentine, in warmest litter'd cots,  
 Or sunny meadows, cloth'd with costly care?  
 All in the solitude of ruin lost,  
 War's horrid carnage, vain Ambition's dust.

335

Long lay the mournful realms of elder Faine  
 In gloomy desolation, till appear'd  
 Beauteous Venetia, first of all the nymphs  
 Who from the melancholy waste emerg'd :  
 In Adria's gulf her clotted locks she lav'd,  
 And rose another Venus : each soft joy,  
 Each aid of life, her busy wit restor'd ;  
 Science reviv'd, with all the lovely Arts,  
 And all the Graces. Restituted Trade  
 To every virtue lent his helping stores,  
 And cheer'd the vales around ; again the pipe  
 And bleating flocks awak'd the cheerful lawn.

340

345

350

The glossy Fleeces now, of prime esteem,  
 Soft Asia boasts, where lovely Cassimere,  
 Within a lofty mound of circling hills,  
 Spreads her delicious stores ; woods, rocks, caves, lakes,  
 Hills, lawns, and winding streams ; a region term'd 355  
 The Paradise of Indus. Next the plains  
 Of Lahor, by that arbour stretch'd immense,  
 Thro' many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne  
 Of India's worshipp'd prince, whose lust is law :  
 Remote dominions, nor to ancient fame  
 Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,  
 Faithful, sagacious, active, patient, brave,  
 Led to their distant climes advent'rous trade.

360

Add, too, the silky wool of Libyan lands,  
 Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus,  
 Where lofty Atlas spreads his verdant feet,

365

While in the clouds his hoary shoulders bend.

Next proud Iberia glories in the growth  
Of high Castile, and mild Segovian glades.

And beauteous Albion, since great Edgar chas'd 370  
The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears  
Of silky lustre ; chief, Silurian, thine ;  
Thine, Vaga, favour'd stream ; from sheep minute  
On Cambria bred : a pound o'erweighs a Fleece :  
Gay Epsom's too, and Banstead's, and what gleams 375  
On Vecta's isle, that shelters Albion's fleet,  
With all its thunders ; or Salopian stores,  
Those which are gather'd in the fields of Clun :  
High Cotswold also 'mong the shepherd swains  
Is oft remember'd, tho' the greedy plough 380  
Preys on its carpet. He whose rustic Muse  
O'er heath and craggy holt her wing display'd,  
And sung the bosky bourns of Alfred's shires,  
Has favour'd Cotswold with luxuriant praise.  
Need we the levels green of Lincoln note, 385  
Or rich Leicestria's marly plains, for length  
Of whitest locks and magnitude of Fleece  
Peculiar? envy of the neighbouring realms !  
But why recount our grassy lawns alone,  
While ev'n the tillage of our cultur'd plains, 390  
With bossy turnip and luxuriant cole,  
Learns thro' the circling year their flocks to feed ?

Ingenious Trade, to clothe the naked world  
Her soft materials not from sheep alone,  
From various animals, reeds, trees, and stones, 395  
Collects sagacious. In Euboa's isle  
A wondrous rock is found, of which are woven  
Vests incombustible ; Batavia flax ;  
Siam's warm marish yields the fissile cane ;  
Soft Persia's silk ; Balasor's shady hills  
Tough bark of trees ; Peruvian Pito grass ; 400

And every sultry clime the snowy down  
 Of cotton, bursting from its stubborn shell  
 To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.  
 With glossy hair of Tibet's shagged goat 405  
 Are light tiaras woven, that wreath the head,  
 And airy float behind The beaver's flix  
 Gives kindliest warmth to weak enervate limbs,  
 When the pale blood slow rises through the veins.  
 Still shall o'er all prevail the shepherd's stores 410  
 For num'rous uses known: none yield such warmth,  
 Such beauteous hues receive, so long endure;  
 So pliant to the loom, so various, none.

Wild rove the flocks, no burd'ning Fleece they bear  
 In fervid climes; Nature gives not in vain. 415  
 Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone  
 Resplendent swells, enormous in its growth:  
 As the sleek ram from green to green removes,  
 On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,  
 And glad resigns it for the hatters' use. 420

Ev'n in the new Columbian world appears  
 The woolly covering: Apacheria's glades,  
 And Cances', echo to the pipes and flocks  
 Of foreign swains. While Time shakes down his sands,  
 And works continual change, be none secure: 425  
 Quickeh your labours, brace your slackening nerves,  
 Ye Britons! nor sleep careless on the lap  
 Of bounteous Nature; she is elsewhere kind.  
 See Mississippi lengthen on her lawns,  
 Propitious to the shepherds; see the sheep 430  
 Of fertile Arica, like camels form'd,  
 Which bear huge burdens to the sea-beat shore,  
 And shine with Fleeces soft as feathery down.

Coarse Bothnic locks are not devoid of use;  
 They clothe the mountain carl, or mariner 435  
 Labouring at the wet shrouds or stubborn helm,

While the loud billows dash the groaning deck.  
 All may not Stroud's or Taunton's vestures wear,  
 Nor what from Fleece Ratæan mimic flowers  
 Of rich Damascus: many a texture bright  
 Of that material in Prætorium woven,  
 Or in Noricum, cheats the curious eye.

440

If any wool peculiar to our Isle  
 Is given by Nature, it is the comber's lock,  
 The soft, the snow-white, and the long-grown flake. 445  
 Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye  
 This Golden Fleece to guard, with strictest watch,  
 From the dark hand of pilfering Avarice,  
 Who, like a spectre, haunts the midnight hour,  
 When Nature wide around him lies supine 450  
 And silent, in the tangles soft involv'd  
 Of death-like sleep: he then the moment marks,  
 While the pale moon illumines the trembling tide,  
 Speedy to lift the canvass, bend the oar,  
 And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe. 455

Happy the patriot who can teach the means  
 To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave  
 Trade's open channels. Would a gen'rous aid  
 To honest toil in Cambria's hilly tracks,  
 Or where the Lune or Coker wind their streams, 460  
 Be found sufficient? Far their airy fields,  
 Far from infectious luxury, arise.

O might their mazy dales and mountain sides  
 With copious Fleeces of Ierne shine,  
 And gulfy Caledonia, wisely bent  
 On wealthy fisheries and flaxen webs,

465

Then would the sister realms amid their seas,  
 Like the three Graces in harmonious fold,  
 By mutual aid enhance their various charms,  
 And bless remotest climes! —To this lov'd end  
 Awake, Benevolence! to this lov'd end

470

Strain all thy nerves, and every thought explore.  
 Far, far away whose passions would immure,  
 In your own little hearts, the joys of life ;  
 (Ye worms of pride !) for your repast alone 475  
 Who claim all Nature's stores, woods, waters, meads,  
 All her profusion ; whose vile hands would grasp  
 The peasant's scantling, the weak widow's mite,  
 And in the sepulchre of Self entomb  
 Whate'er ye can, whate'er ye cannot, use. 480  
 Know, for superior ends th' Almighty Pow'r  
 (The Pow'r whose tender arms embrace the worm)  
 Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,  
 And forms us manifold ; allots to each  
 His hair peculiar, wisdom, wit, and strength ; 485  
 Wisdom, and wit, and strength, in sweet accord,  
 To aid, to cheer, to counsel, to protect,  
 And twist the mighty bond. Thus feeble man,  
 With man united, is a nation strong ;  
 Builds tow'ry cities, satiates every want, 490  
 And makes the seas profound, and forests wild,  
 'The gardens of his joys. Man, each man, 's born  
 For the high bus'ness of the public good.

For me, 'tis mine to pray that men regard  
 Their occupations with an honest heart 495  
 And cheerful diligence : like the useful bee,  
 To gather for the hive not sweets alone,  
 But wax, and each material ; pleas'd to find  
 Whate'er may sooth distress, and raise the fall'n,  
 In life's rough race. O be it as my wish ! 500  
 'Tis mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap  
 Kind Nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.

For this I wake the weary hours of rest ;  
 With this desire the merchant I attend ;  
 By this impell'd the shepherd's hut I seek,  
 And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear 505

Attentive, pleas'd with pure simplicity,  
 And rules divulg'd beneficent to sheep :  
 Or turn the compass o'er the painted chart,  
 To mark the ways of traffic ; Volga's stream, 510  
 Cold Hudson's cloudy streights, warm Afric's cape,  
 Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean fosse,  
 And China's long canals : those noble works,  
 Those high effects of civilizing trade,  
 Employ me, sedulous of public weal: 515  
 Yet not unmindful of my sacred charge ;  
 Thus also mindful, thus devising good  
 At vacant seasons oft, when ev'ning mild  
 Purples the vallies, and the shepherd counts  
 His flock, returning to the quiet fold 520  
 With dumb complacence ; for religion this,  
 To give our every comfort to distress,  
 And follow virtue with an humble mind ;  
 This pure religion. Thus, in elder time,  
 The reverend Blasius wore his leisure hours, 525  
 And slumbers broken oft ; till, fill'd at length  
 With inspiration, after various thought,  
 And trials manifold, his well-known voice  
 Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian stoves,  
 With tepid lees of oil, and spiky comb, 530  
 Shew'd how the Fleece might stretch to greater length,  
 And cast a glossier whiteness. Wheels went round ;  
 Matrons and maids with songs reliev'd their toils,  
 And every loom receiv'd the softer yarn.  
 What poor, what widow, Blasius ! did not bless 535  
 Thy teaching hand ? thy bosom, like the morn,  
 Op'ning its wealth, what nation did not seek  
 Of thy new-modell'd wool the curious webs ?  
 Hence the glad cities of the loom his name  
 Honour with yearly festals: thro' their streets 540  
 The pomp, with tuneful sounds and order just,

Denoting Labour's happy progress, moves,  
 Procession slow and solemn : first the rout,  
 Then servient youth, and magisterial eld ;  
 Each after each, according to his rank, 545  
 His sway, and office, in the commonweal ;  
 And to the board of smiling Plenty's stores  
 Assemble, where delicious cates and fruits  
 Of every clime are pil'd ; and with free hand  
 Toil only tastes the feast, by nerveless Ease  
 Unrelish'd. Various mirth and song resound ;  
 And oft they interpose improving talk,  
 Divulging each to other knowledge rare,  
 Sparks from experience that sometimes arise,  
 Till night weighs down the sense, or morning's dawn 555  
 Rouzes to labour man, to labour born.

Then the sleek brightening lock from hand to hand  
 Renews its circling course ; this feels the card ;  
 That in the comb admires its growing length ;  
 This blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave ; 560  
 And that the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.

For it suffices not in flow'ry vales  
 Only to tend the flock, and shear soft wool ;  
 Gums must be stor'd of Guinea's arid coast,  
 Mexican woods, and India's brightening salts ;  
 Fruits, herbage, sulphurs, minerals, to stain 565  
 The Fleece prepar'd, which oil-imbibing earth  
 Of Wooburn blanches, and keen alum-waves  
 Intenerate. With curious eye observe  
 In what variety the tribe of salts,  
 Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues 570  
 Produce, abstersive or restringent ; how  
 Steel casts the sable ; how pale pewter, fus'd  
 In fluid spirituous, the scarlet dye ;  
 And how each tint is made, or mix'd, or chang'd, 575  
 By mediums colourless ; why is the fume

Of sulphur kind to white and azure hues,  
 Pernicious else? why no materials yield  
 Singly their colours, those except that shine  
 With topaz, sapphire, and cornelian rays : 580  
 And why, tho' Nature's face is cloath'd in green,  
 No green is found to beautify the Fleece  
 But what repeated toil by mixture gives.

To find effects while causes lie conceal'd  
 Reason uncertain tries : howe'er, kind Chance 585  
 Oft, with equivalent discovery, pays  
 Its wandering efforts. Thus the German sage,  
 Diligent Drebet, o'er alchymic fire  
 Seeking the secret source of gold, receiv'd  
 Of alter'd cochineal the crimson store. 590

Tyrian Melcartus thus (the first who brought  
 Tin's useful ore from Albion's distant isle,  
 And for unwearied toils and arts the name  
 Of Hercules acquir'd), when o'er the mouth  
 Of his attendant sheep-dog he beheld  
 The wounded murex strike a purple stain,  
 The purple stain on Fleecy woofs he spread,  
 Which lur'd the eye, adorning many a nymph,  
 And drew the pomp of trade to rising Tyre. 595

Our vallies yield not, or but sparing yield,  
 The dyer's gay materials. Only weld, 600  
 Or root of madder, here, or purple woad,  
 By which our naked ancestors obscur'd  
 Their hardy limbs, inwrought with mystic forms,  
 Like Egypt's obelisks. The powerful sun  
 Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,  
 And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,  
 Which trade to us conveys. Not tints alone ;  
 Trade to the good physician gives his balms ;  
 Gives cheering cordials to th' afflicted heart ; 605  
 Gives to the wealthy delicacies high ; 610

Gives to the curious works of Nature rare ;  
And when the priest displays, in just discourse,  
Him, the all-wise Creator, and declares  
His presence, pow'r, and goodness, unconfin'd, 615  
'Tis Trade, attentive voyager, who fills  
His lips with argument. To censure Trade,  
Or hold her busy people in contempt,  
Let none presume. The dignity, and grace,  
And weal, of human life, their fountains owe 620  
To seeming imperfections, to vain wants  
Or real exigencies ; passions swift  
Forerunning reason ; strong contrarious bents,  
The steps of men dispersing wide abroad  
O'er realms and seas. There, in the solemn scene, 625  
Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,  
Humiliating the mind enlarg'd ; for they  
The clearest sense of Deity receive  
Who view the widest prospect of his works,  
Ranging the globe with trade thro' various climes ; 630  
Who see the signatures of boundless love,  
Nor less the judgments of Almighty Pow'r,  
That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'scapes  
From human justice ; who, astonish'd, view  
Etna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires ; 635  
The dust of Carthage ; desert shores of Nile ;  
Or Tyre's abandon'd summit, crown'd of old  
With stately towers ; whose merchants, from their isles  
And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts ;  
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought 640  
Their shaggy goats, their flocks, and bleating lambs ;  
Where rich Damascus pil'd his Fleeces white,  
Prepar'd, and thirsty for the double tint  
And flow'ring shuttle. While th' admiring world  
Crowded her streets, ah ! then the hand of Pride 645  
Sow'd imperceptible his pois'nous weed,

Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,  
 As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk  
 Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,  
 Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain ;      650  
 Not ev'n the dust they sunk in; by the breath  
 Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd  
 Down to the bottom of the stormy deep :  
 Only the solitary rock remains,  
 Her ancient site ; a monument to those      655  
 Who toil and wealth exchange for sloth and pride.

## BOOK III

PROCEED, Arcadian Muse ! resume the pipe  
 Of Hermes, long disus'd, tho' sweet the tone,  
 And to the songs of Nature's choristers  
 Harmonious. Audience pure by thy delight,  
 Tho' few ; for every note which Virtue wounds,      5  
 However pleasing to the vulgar herd,  
 To the purg'd ear is discord. Yet too oft  
 Has false dissembling Vice to am'rous airs  
 The reed apply'd and heedless youth allur'd ;  
 Too oft, with bolder sound, inflam'd the rage      10  
 Of horrid war. Let now the Fleecy looms  
 Direct our rural numbers, as of old,  
 When plains and sheepfolds were the Muses' haunts.  
 So thou, the friend of every virtuous deed  
 And aim, tho' feeble, shalt these rural lays      15  
 Approve, O Heathcote ! whose benevolence  
 Visits our vallies, where the pasture spreads,

And where the bramble, and would justly act  
True charity, by teaching idle Want  
And Vice the inclination to do good ; 20  
Good to themselves, and in themselves to all,  
Thro' grateful toil. Ev'n Nature lives by toil :  
Beast, bird, air, fire, the heav'ns, and rolling worlds,  
All live by action : nothing lies at rest  
But death and ruin : man is born to care ; 25  
Fashion'd, improv'd, by labour. This of old  
Wise states observing, gave that happy law  
Which doom'd the rich and needy, every rank,  
To manual occupation ; and oft call'd  
Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing plough, 30  
Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility  
Thro' all conditions ; hence the joys of health ;  
Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought ;  
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life  
Delectable. What simple Nature yields 35  
(And Nature does her part) are only rude  
Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground ;  
"Tis toil that makes them wealth ; that makes the  
(Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps) [Fleece  
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue, 40  
A vesture usefully succinct and warm,  
Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,  
A royal mantle. Come, ye village Nymphs !  
The scattered mists reveal the dusky hills ;  
Gray dawn appears ; the golden Morn ascends, 45  
And paints the glitt'ring rocks, and purple woods,  
And flaming spires : arise, begin your toils ;  
Behold the Fleece beneath the spiky comb  
Drop its long locks, or from the mingling card  
Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor. 50  
Come, village Nymphs, ye Matrons, and ye Maids !  
Receive the soft material ; with light step

Whether ye turn around the spacious wheel,  
 Or, patient-sitting, that revolve which forms  
 A narrower circle. On the brittle work      55  
 Point your quick eye, and let the hand assist  
 To guide and stretch the gently-lessening thread ;  
 Even, unknotted, twine will praise your skill.  
 A diff'rent spinning every diff'rent web  
 Asks from your glowing fingers ; some require      60  
 The more compact and some the looser wreath ;  
 The last for softness, to delight the touch  
 Of chamber'd delicacy : scarce the cirque  
 Need turn around, or twine the length'ning flake.

There are, to speed their labour, who prefer      65  
 Wheels double spol'd, which yield to either hand  
 A sev'ral line ; and many yet adhere  
 To th' ancient distaff, at the bosom fix'd,  
 Casting the whirling spindle as they walk :  
 At home, or in the sheepfold, or the mart,      70  
 Alike the work proceeds. This method still  
 Norvicum favours, and th' Icenian towns :  
 It yields their airy stuffs an apter thread.  
 This was of old, in no inglorious days,  
 The mode of spinning when th' Egyptian prince      75  
 A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph,  
 Too-beauteous Helen ! no uncourtly gift  
 Then, when each gay diversion of the fair  
 Led to ingenious use. But patient art,  
 That on experience works, from hour to hour,      80  
 Sagacious, has a spiral engine form'd,  
 Which on an hundred spoles, an hundred threads,  
 With one huge wheel, by lapse of water, twines,  
 Few hands requiring, easy-tended work,  
 That copiously supplies the greedy loom.      85

Nor hence, ye Nymphs ! let anger cloud your brows ;  
 The more is wrought the more is still requir'd :

Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted song, proceed :  
 Fear not surcharge ; your hands will ever find  
 Ample employment. In the strife of trade 90  
 These curious instruments of speed obtain  
 Various advantage, and the diligent  
 Supply with exercise, as fountains sure,  
 Which ever-gliding feed the flow'ry lawn :  
 Nor, should the careful State, severely kind, 95  
 In every province to the house of toil  
 Compel the vagrant, and each implement  
 Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,  
 Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain :  
 Yours with the public good shall ever rise, 100  
 Ever, while o'er the lawns and airy downs  
 The bleating sheep and shepherd's pipe are heard ;  
 While in the brook ye blanch the glist'ning Fleece,  
 And th' am'rous youth, delighted with your toils,  
 Quavers the choicest of his sonnets, warm'd 105  
 By growing traffic, friend to wedded love.

The am'rous youth, with various hopes inflam'd,  
 Now on the busy stage see him step forth,  
 With beating breast : high-honour'd he beholds  
 Rich industry. First he bespeaks a loom ; 110  
 From some thick wood the carpenter selects  
 A slender oak, or beech of glossy trunk,  
 Or sapling ash : he shapes the sturdy beam,  
 The posts, and treadles, and the frame combines :  
 The smith, with iron-screws and plated hoops, 115  
 Confirms the strong machine, and gives the bolt  
 That strains the roll. To these the turner's lathe  
 And graver's knise the hollow shuttle add.  
 Various professions in the work unite,  
 For each on each depends. Thus he acquires 120  
 The curious engine, work of subtle skill ;  
 Howe'er in vulgar use around the globe

Frequent observ'd, of high antiquity  
 No doubtful mark : th' advent'rous voyager,  
 Toss'd over ocean to remotest shores, 125  
 Hears on remotest shores the murmur'ring loom,  
 Sees the deep-furrowing plough and harrow'd field,  
 The wheel-mov'd wagon, and the discipline  
 Of strong-yok'd steers. What needful art is new?

Next the industrious youth employs his care 130  
 To store soft yarn ; and now he strains the warp  
 Along the garden-walk, or highway side,  
 Smoothing each thread ; now fits it to the loom,  
 And sits before the work : from hand to hand  
 The thready shuttle glides along the lines, 135  
 Which open to the woof and shut altern ;  
 And ever and anon, to firm the work,  
 Against the web is driv'n the noisy frame,  
 That o'er the level rushes, like a surge  
 Which, often dashing on the sandy beach, 140  
 Compacts the traveller's road : from hand to hand  
 Again, across the lines oft op'ning, glides  
 The thready shuttle, while the web apace  
 Increases, as the light of eastern skies,  
 Spread by the rosy fingers of the morn, 145  
 And all the fair expanse with beauty glows.

Or if the broader mantle be the task,  
 He chuses some companion to his toil.  
 From side to side, with amicable aim,  
 Each to the other darts the nimble bolt, 150  
 While friendly converse, prompted by the work,  
 Kindles improvement in the op'ning mind.

What need we name the sev'ral kinds of looms ?  
 Those delicate, to whose fair-colour'd threads  
 Hang figur'd weights, whose various numbers  
 guide 155  
 The artist's hand : he, unseen, flow'rs, and trees,

And vales, and azure hills, unerring works :  
 Or that whose num'rous needles, glitt'ring bright,  
 Weave the warm hose to cover tender limbs ;  
 Modern invention ; modern is the want. 160

Next from the slacken'd beam the woof, unroll'd,  
 Near some clear-sliding river, Aire or Stroud,  
 Is by the noisy fulling-mill receiv'd,  
 Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,  
 And hammers, rising and descending, learn 165  
 To imitate the industry of man.

Oft the wet web is steep'd, and often rais'd,  
 Fast dripping, to the river's grassy bank,  
 And sinewy arms of men, with full-strain'd strength  
 Wring out the latent water : then up-hung 170  
 On rugged tenters, to the fervid sun  
 Its level surface, reeking, it expands,  
 Still brightening in each rigid discipline,  
 And gathering worth, as human life in pains,  
 Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's shears 175  
 And burler's thistle skim the surface sheen.  
 The round of work goes on from day to day,  
 Season to season. So the husbandman  
 Pursues his cares ; his plough divides the glebe ;  
 The seed is sown ; rough rattle o'er the clods 180  
 The harrow's teeth ; quick weeds his hoe subdues ;  
 The fickle labours, and the slow team strains,  
 Till grateful harvest-home rewards his toils.

The ingenious artist, learn'd in drugs, bestows  
 The last improvement ; for th' unlabour'd Fleece 185  
 Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.  
 In penetrating waves of boiling vats  
 The snowy web is steep'd, with grain of weld,  
 Fustic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,  
 Or the dark purple pulp of Pictish woad,  
 Of stain tenacious, deep as summer skies, 190

Like those that canopy the bow'rs of Stowe  
 After soft rains, when birds their notes attune,  
 Ere the melodious nightingale begins.

From yon broad vase behold the saffron woofs 195  
 Beauteous emerge ; from these the azure rise ;  
 This glows with crimson ; that the auburn holds ;  
 These shall the prince with purple robes adorn,  
 And those the warrior mark, and those the priest.

Few are the primal colours of the art ; 200  
 Five only ; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red ;  
 Yet hence innumerable hues arise.

That stain alone is good which bears unchang'd  
 Dissolving waters, and calcining suns,  
 And thieving air's attacks. How great the need 205  
 With utmost caution to prepare the woof,  
 To seek the best-adapted dyes, and salts,  
 And purest gums ! since your whole skill consists  
 In opening well the fibres of the woof  
 For the reception of the beauteous dye, 210  
 And wedging every grain in every pore,  
 Firm as a diamond in rich gold enchas'd.

But what the pow'rs which lock them in the web ;  
 Whether incrusting salts, or weight of air,  
 Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave, 215  
 Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.

Ah ! wherefore have we lost our old repute ?  
 And who inquires the cause why Gallia's sons  
 In depth and brilliancy of hues excel ?  
 Yet yield not, Britons ! grasp in every art 220  
 The foremost name. Let others tamely view,  
 On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's strand,  
 The haughty Turk despise their proffer'd bales.

Now see, o'er vales and peopled mountain-tops  
 The welcome traders gathering every web, 225  
 Industrious, every web too few. Alas !

Successless oft their industry, when cease  
 The loom and shuttle in the troubled streets ;  
 Their motion stopp'd by wild Intemperance,  
 Toil's scoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout  
 To scorn their task-work, and to vagrant life  
 Turns their rude steps, while Misery, among  
 The cries of infants, haunts their mould'ring huts.

230

O when, thro' every province, shall be rais'd  
 Houses of labour, seats of kind constraint,  
 For those who now delight in fruitless sports  
 More than in cheerful works of virtuous trade,  
 Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due  
 Of public welfare ? Ho, ye Poor ! who seek,  
 Among the dwellings of the diligent,  
 For sustenance unearn'd ; who stroll abroad  
 From house to house, with mischievous intent,  
 Feigning misfortune : Ho, ye Lame ! ye Blind !  
 Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress'd,  
 Who tread the rough highways, and mountains  
 wild,

240

Thro' storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart ;  
 Ye children of Affliction ! be compell'd  
 To happiness : the long-wish'd daylight dawns,  
 When charitable Rigour shall detain  
 Your step-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the sons of  
 Trade,

250

Where'er their cultivated hamlets smile,  
 Erect the mansion ; here soft Fleeces shine ;  
 The card awaits you, and the comb and wheel :  
 Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm ;  
 No rain shall wet your pillow : here abounds  
 Pure beverage : here your viands are prepar'd :  
 To heal each sickness the physician waits,  
 And priest entreats to give your Maker praise.

255

Behold in Calder's vale, where wide around  
 Unnumber'd villas creep the shrubby hills, 260  
 A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise :  
 High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,  
 Eliza's image stands. By gentle steps  
 Up-rais'd, from room to room we slowly walk,  
 And view with wonder, and with silent joy, 265  
 The sprightly scene ; where many a busy hand,  
 Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion  
 quick,  
 And ever-murm'ring sound, th' unwonted sense  
 Wrap in surprise. To see them all employ'd,  
 All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight, 270  
 As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy  
 Corporeal can bestow. Nor less they gain  
 Virtue than wealth, while, on their useful works  
 From day to day intent, in their full minds  
 Evil no place can find. With equal scale 275  
 Some deal abroad the well-assorted Fleece ;  
 These card the short, those comb the longer  
 flake ;  
 Others the harsh and clotted lock receive,  
 Yet sever and refine with patient toil,  
 And bring to proper use. Flax too, and hemp, 280  
 Excite their diligence. The younger hands  
 Ply at the easy work of winding yarn  
 On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes  
 Warble together as a choir of larks ;  
 Such joy arises in the mind employ'd. 285  
 Another scene displays the more robust  
 Rasping or grinding tough Brasilian woods,  
 And what Campeachy's disputable shore  
 Copious affords to tinge the thrifty web,  
 And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes 290

Equal the honeycomb. We next are shown  
 A circular machine, of new design,  
 In conic shape : it draws and spins a thread  
 Without the tedious toil of needless hands.  
 A wheel, invisible, beneath the floor,  
 To every member of th' harmonious frame  
 Gives necessary motion. One, intent,  
 O'erlooks the work : the carded wool, he says,  
 Is smoothly lapp'd around those cylinders,  
 Which, gently turning, yield it to yon' cirque  
 Of upright spindles, which with rapid whirl  
 Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.

295

300

From this delightful mansion (if we seek  
 Still more to view the gifts which honest toil  
 Distributes) take we now our eastward course  
 To the rich fields of Burstal. Wide around  
 Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile ;  
 And ruddy roofs and chimney-tops appear  
 Of busy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds  
 The incense of thanksgiving : all is joy ;  
 And trade and bus'ness guide the living scene,  
 Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire  
 Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack  
 On the long tinkling train of slow-pac'd steeds.  
 As when a sunny day invites abroad

305

The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells  
 In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work,  
 O'er high o'er low they lift, they draw, they haste  
 With warm affection to each other's aid,  
 Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed.  
 Thus all is here in motion, all is life :  
 The creaking wain brings copious store of corn ;  
 The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads ;  
 The neat-dress'd housewives, for the festal board

310

315

320

Crown'd with full baskets, in the field-way paths      325  
 Come tripping on ; the echoing hills repeat  
 The stroke of axe and hammer ; scaffolds rise,  
 And growing edifices ; heaps of stone,  
 Beneath the chisel, beauteous shapes assume  
 Of frieze and column. Some, with even line,      330  
 New streets are marking in the neighb'ring fields,  
 And sacred domes of worship. Industry,  
 Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,  
 And the straw cottage to a palace turns,  
 Over the work presides. Such was the scene      335  
 Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief  
 First view'd her growing turrets : so appear  
 Th' increasing walls of busy Manchester,  
 Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose reddening fields  
 Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo ! in throngs,      340  
 For every realm, the careful factors meet,  
 Whispering each other. In long ranks the bales,  
 Like War's bright files, beyond the sight extend.  
 Straight, ere the sounding bell the signal strikes,  
 Which ends the hour of traffic, they conclude      345  
 The speedy compact ; and, well-pleas'd transfer,  
 With mutual benefit, superior wealth  
 To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.

Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds  
 From labour and endurance. Deep the oak      350  
 Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,  
 That hopes to list its branches to the skies.  
 Gold cannot gold appear until man's toil  
 Discloses wide the mountain's hidden ribs,  
 And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grinds      355  
 Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams  
 With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire  
 The metal purifies : with the fatigue  
 And tedious process of its painful works

The lusty sicken, and the feeble die.

360

But cheerful are the labours of the loom,  
By health and ease accompany'd : they bring  
Superior treasures speedier to the state  
Than those of deep Peruvian mines, where slaves  
(Wretched requital !) drink, with trembling hand, 365  
Pale Palsy's baneful cup. Our happy swains  
Behold arising in their fattening flocks  
A double wealth, more rich than Belgium's boast,  
Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed ;  
Or the Cathayans, whose ignobler care 370  
Nurses the silk-worm ; or of India's sons,  
Who plant the cotton grove by Ganges' stream.  
Nor do their toils and products furnish more  
Than gauds and dresses, of fantastic web,  
To the luxurious : but our kinder toils 375  
Give clothing to necessity ; keep warm  
Th' unhappy wanderer, on the mountain wild  
Benighted, while the tempest beats around.

No, ye soft sons of Ganges, and of Ind,  
Ye feebly delicate ! life little needs 380  
Your feminine toys, nor asks your nerveless arm  
To cast the strong-slung shuttle or the spear.  
Can ye defend your country from the storm  
Of strong invasion ? Can ye want endure,  
In the besieged fort, with courage firm ? 385  
Can ye the weather-beaten vessel steer,  
Climb the tall mast, direct the stubborn helm  
Mid wild discordant waves with steady course ?  
Can ye lead out, to distant colonies,  
Th' o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd 390  
Brethren, by impious persecution driven,  
And arm their breasts with fortitude to try  
New regions, climes, tho' barren, yet beyond  
The baneful pow'r of tyrants ? These are deeds

To which their hardy labours well prepare 395  
 The sinewy arm of Albion's sons. Pursue,  
 Ye sons of Albion ! with unyielding heart,  
 Your hardy labours : let the sounding loom  
 Mix with the melody of every vale ;  
 The loom, that long renown'd wide envy'd gift 400  
 Of wealthy Flandria, who the boon receiv'd  
 From fair Venetia ; she from Grecian nymphs ;  
 They from Phenice, who obtain'd the dole  
 From old *Ægyptus*. Thus around the globe  
 The golden-footed Sciences their path 405  
 Mark, like the sun, enkindling life and joy,  
 And follow'd close by Ignorance and Pride,  
 Lead Day and Night o'er realms. Our day arose  
 When Alva's tyranny the weaving arts  
 Drove from the fertile vallies of the Scheld. 410  
 With speedy wing and scatter'd course they fled,  
 Like a community of bees, disturb'd  
 By some relentless swain's rapacious hand ;  
 While good Eliza to the fugitives  
 Gave gracious welcome ; as wise Egypt erst 415  
 To troubled Nilus, whose nutricious flood  
 With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.  
 Then from fair Antwerp an industrious train  
 Cross'd the smooth channel of our smiling seas,  
 And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks 420  
 Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave  
 Of spacious Medway : some on gentle Yare  
 And fertile Waveney pitch'd, and made their seats  
 Pleasant Norvicum and Colcestria's tow'rs :  
 Some to the Darent sped their happy way : 425  
 Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, chose  
 Antona's chalky plains, and stretched their tents  
 Down to Clausentum, and that bay supine  
 Beneath the shade of Vecta's cliffy isle.

Soon o'er the hospitable realm they spread, 430  
 With cheer reviv'd, and in Sabrina's flood,  
 And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch'd  
 Not undelighted with Vigornia's spires,  
 Nor those by Vaga's stream, from ruins rais'd  
 Of ancient Ariconium ; nor less pleas'd  
 With Salop's various scenes, and that soft track 435  
 Of Cambria deep embay'd, Dimetian land,  
 By green hills fenc'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd,  
 Nurse of the rustic bard who now resounds  
 The fortunes of the Fleece ; whose ancestors  
 Were fugitives from Superstition's rage, 440  
 And erst from Devon thither brought the loom,  
 Where ivy'd walls of old Kidwelly's tow'rs,  
 Nodding, still on their gloomy brows project  
 Lancastria's arms, emboss'd in mould'ring stone. 445

Thus, then, on Albion's coast the exil'd band,  
 From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks  
 Of Scheld, alighted, and, alighting, sang  
 Grateful thanksgiving. Yet at times they shift  
 Their habitations, when the hand of Pride, 450  
 Restraint, or southern Luxury, disturbs  
 Their industry, and urges them to vales  
 Of the Brigantes ; where, with happier care  
 Inspirited, their art improves the Fleece,  
 Which occupation erst, and wealth immense, 455  
 Gave Brabant's swarming habitants, what time  
 We were their shepherds only ; from which state  
 With friendly arm they rais'd us : nathless some  
 Among our old and stubborn swains misdeem'd  
 And envy'd who enrich'd them ; envy'd those 460  
 Whose virtues taught the varlety of towns  
 To useful toil to turn the pilfering hand.

And still when bigotry's black clouds arise,  
 (For oft they sudden rise in Papal realms)

They from their isle, as from some ark secure, 465  
 Careless, unpitying, view the fiery bolts  
 Of Superstition and tyrannic rage,  
 And all the fury of the rolling storm,  
 Which fierce pursues the suff'rs in their flight.  
 Shall not our gates, shall not Britannia's arns, 470  
 Spread ever open to receive their flight?  
 A virtuous people, by distresses oft  
 (Distresses for the sake of truth endur'd)  
 Corrected, dignify'd ; creating good  
 Wherever they inhabit : this our isle 475  
 Has oft experienc'd ; witness all ye realms  
 Of either hemisphere where commerce flows :  
 Th' important truth is stamp'd on every bale ;  
 Each glossy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,  
 Receives th' impression ; every airy woof, 480  
 Cheyney, and baize, and serge, and alepine,  
 Tammy, and crape, and the long countless list  
 Of woollen webs ; and every work of steel ;  
 And that crystalline metal, blown or fus'd,  
 Limpid as water dropping from the clefts 485  
 Of mossy marble : not to name the aids  
 Their wit has giv'n the Fleece, now taught to link  
 With flax, or cotton, or the silk-worm's thread,  
 And gain the graces of variety ;  
 Whether to form the matron's decent robe, 490  
 Or the thin-shading trail for Agra's nymphs ;  
 Or solemn curtains, whose long gloomy folds  
 Surround the soft pavilions of the rich.

They, too, the many-colour'd Arras taught  
 To mimic nature, and the airy shapes 495  
 Of sportive fancy ; such as oft appear  
 In old Mosaic pavements, when the plough  
 Upturns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field,  
 Or that o'ershaded erst by Woodstock's bower,

Now grac'd by Blenheim, in whose stately rooms 500  
 Rise glowing tapestries that lure the eye  
 With Marlborough's wars : here Schellenbergh exults  
 Behind surrounding hills of ramparts steep,  
 And vales of trenches dark ; each hideous pass  
 Armies defend ; yet on the hero leads 505  
 His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.  
 Another scene is Blenheim's glorious field,  
 And the red Danube. Here the rescued states  
 Crowding beneath his shield ; there Ramillies'  
 Important battle : next the tenfold chain 510  
 Of Arleux burst, and th' adamantine gates  
 Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.  
 A shade obscures the rest—Ah ! then, what pow'r  
 Invidious from the lifted sickle snatch'd  
 The harvest of the plain ? So lively glows 515  
 The fair delusion, that our passions rise  
 In the beholding, and the glories share  
 Of visionary battle. This bright art  
 Did zealous Europe learn of Pagan hands,  
 While she assay'd with rage of holy war, 520  
 To desolate their fields : but old the skill ;  
 Long were the Phrygians' picturing looms renown'd ;  
 Tyre also, wealthy seat of arts, excell'd,  
 And elder Sidon, in th' historic web.  
 Far-distant Tibet in her gloomy woods 525  
 Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unwoven.  
 And glutinous materials : the Chinese  
 Their porcelain, Japan its varnish, boasts.  
 Some fair peculiar graces every realm,  
 And each from each a share of wealth acquires. 530  
 But chief by numbers of industrious hands  
 A nation's wealth is counted : numbers raise  
 Warm emulation : where that virtue dwells  
 There will be Traffic's seat ; there will she build

Her rich emporium. Hence, ye happy Swains ! 535  
 With hospitality inflame your breast,  
 And emulation: the whole world receive,  
 And with their arts, their virtues, deck your isle.  
 Each clime, each sea, the spacious orb of each,  
 Shall join their various stores, and amply feed 540  
 The mighty brotherhood, while ye proceed,  
 Active and enterprising, or to teach  
 The stream a naval course, or till the wild,  
 Or drain the fen, or stretch the long canal,  
 Or plough the fertile billows of the deep: 545  
 Why to the narrow circle of our coast  
 Should we submit our limits, while each wind  
 Assists the stream and sail, and the wide main  
 Woos us in every port ? See Belgium build  
 Upon the foodful brine her envy'd power, 550  
 And half her people floating on the wave,  
 Expand her fishy regions: thus our Isle,  
 Thus only may Britannia be enlarg'd.—  
 But whither, by the visions of the theme  
 Smit with sublime delight, but whither strays 555  
 The raptur'd Muse, forgetful of her talk ?

No common pleasure warms the gen'rous mind  
 When it beholds the labours of the loom ;  
 How widely round the globe they are dispers'd,  
 From little tenements by wood or croft, 560  
 Thro' many a slender path, how sedulous,  
 As rills to rivers broad, they speed their way  
 To public roads, to Fosse, or Watling-street,  
 Or Armine, ancient works ; and thence explore,  
 Thro' ev'ry navigable wave, the sea 565  
 That laps the green earth round : thro' Tyne and Tees,  
 Thro' Weare and Lune, and merchandising Hull,  
 And Swale and Aire, whose crystal waves reflect  
 The various colours of the tinctur'd web ;

Thro' Ken, swift rolling down his rocky dale, 570  
 Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick  
 Curbing his train, and with the sober pace  
 Of cautious eld meand'ring to the deep ;  
 Thro' Dart and sullen Exe, whose murm'ring wave  
 Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won 575  
 The serge and kersie to their blanching streams ;  
 Thro' Towy, winding under Merlin's tow'rs,  
 And Usk that, frequent among hoary rocks,  
 On her deep waters paints th' impending scene,  
 Wild torrents, crags, and woods, and mountain  
 snows. 580

The northern Cambrians, an industrious tribe,  
 Carry their labours on pigmean steeds,  
 Of size exceeding not Leicestrian sheep,  
 Yet strong and sprightly : over hill and dale  
 They travel unfatigu'd, and lay their bales 585  
 In Salop's streets, beneath whose lofty walls  
 Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,  
 And spreads the swelling sheet. For nowhere far  
 From some transparent river's naval course  
 Arise and fall our various hills and vales, 590  
 No where far distant from the masted wharf.  
 We need not vex the strong laborious hand  
 With toil enormous, as th' Egyptian king,  
 Who joined the sable waters of the Nile  
 From Memphis' towers to th' Erythræan gulf ; 595  
 Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,  
 Whose will imperious forc'd an hundred streams  
 Thro' many a forest, many a spacious wild,  
 To stretch their scanty trains from sea to sea,  
 That some unprofitable skiff might float 600  
 Across irriguous dales and hollow'd rocks.

Far easier pains may swell our gentler floods,  
 And thro' the centre of the isle conduct

To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,  
By plains alone disparted, woo to join  
Majestic Thamis. With their silver urns  
The nimble-footed Naiads of the springs  
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to speed  
And celebrate the union ; and the light  
Wood-nymphs, and those who o'er the grots preside, 610  
Whose stores bituminous, with sparkling fires,  
In summer's tedious absence, cheer the swains,  
Long sitting at the loom ; and those besides  
Who crown with yellow sheaves the farmer's hopes,  
And all the genii of commercial toil : 615  
These on the dewy lawns await to speed  
And celebrate the union, that the Fleece  
And glossy web to every port around  
May lightly glide along. Ev'n now behold,  
Adown a thousand floods the burden'd barks, 620  
With white sails glist'ning, thro' the gloomy woods  
Haste to their harbours. See the silver maze  
Of stately Thamis, ever checker'd o'er  
With deeply-laden barges, gliding smooth  
And constant as his stream : in growing pomp, 625  
By Neptune still attended, slow he rolls  
To great Augusta's mart, where lofty Trade,  
Amid a thousand golden spires enthron'd,  
Gives audience to the world ; the strand around  
Close swarms with busy crowds of many a realm. 630  
What bales, what wealth, what industry, what fleets !  
Lo, from the simple Fleece how much proceeds !

## BOOK IV

Now, with our woolly treasures amply stor'd,  
 Glide the tall fleets into the wid'ning main,  
 A floating forest : every sail unfurl'd  
 Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure sky. 5  
 Meantime, in pleasing care, the pilot steers  
 Steady ; with eye intent upon the steel,  
 Steady before the breeze the pilot steers,  
 While gaily o'er the waves the mounting prows  
 Dance, like a shoal of dolphins, and begin  
 To streak with various paths the hoary deep. 10  
 Batavia's shallow sounds by some are sought,  
 Or sandy Elb or Weser, who receive  
 The swain's and peasant's toil with grateful hand,  
 Which copious gives return ; while some explore  
 Deep Finnic gulfs, and a new shore and mart,  
 The bold creation of that Kesar's power, 15  
 Illustrious Peter ! whose magnific toils  
 Repair the distant Caspian, and restore  
 To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's strand  
 And Dover's chalky cliff behind them turn. 20  
 Soon sinks away the green and level beach  
 Of Rumney Marish and Rye's silent port,  
 By angry Neptune clos'd, and Vecta's isle,  
 Like the pale moon in vapour, faintly bright.  
 An hundred op'ning marts are seen, are lost ; 25  
 Devonia's hills retire, and Edgecumbe Mount,  
 Waving its gloomy groves, delicious scene !  
 Yet steady o'er the waves they steer ; and now  
 The fluctuating world of waters wide,

In boundless magnitude, around them swells, 30  
 O'er whose imaginary brim nor towns,  
 Nor woods, nor mountain-tops, nor aught appears,  
 But Phœbus' orb, resplendent lamp of light,  
 Millions of leagues aloft : heav'n's azure vault  
 Bends overhead, majestic, to its base, 35  
 Uninterrupted clear circumference ;  
 Till, rising o'er the flickering waves, the Cape  
 Of Finisterre, a cloudy spot, appears.  
 Again, and oft, the advent'rous sails disperse :  
 These to Iberia, others to the coast 40  
 Of Lusitania, th' ancient Tarshish deem'd  
 Of Solomon ; fair regions ! with the webs  
 Of Norwich pleas'd, or those of Manchester ;  
 Light airy clothing for their vacant swains  
 And visionary monks. We, in return, 45  
 Receive Cantabrian steel, and Fleeces soft,  
 Segovian or Castilian, far renowned ;  
 And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,  
 Spur of activity, to good or ill  
 Pow'rful incentive ; or Hesperian fruits, 50  
 Fruits of spontaneous growth, the citron bright,  
 The fig, and orange, and heart-cheering wine.

Those ships, from ocean broad, which voyage thro'  
 The gates of Hercules, find many seas,  
 And bays unnumber'd, opening to their keels ; 55  
 But shores inhospitable oft to fraud  
 And rapine turn'd or dreary tracks become  
 Of desolation. The proud Roman coasts,  
 Fall'n, like the Punic, to the dashing waves  
 Resign their ruins. Tiber's boasted flood, 60  
 Whose pompous moles o'erlook'd the subject deep,  
 Now creeps along thro' brakes and yellow dust,  
 While Neptune scarce perceives its murmur'ring rill.  
 Such are th' effects when virtue slacks her hand ;

Wild Nature back returns. Along these shores 65  
 Neglected Trade with difficulty toils,  
 Collecting slender stores, the sun-dry'd grape,  
 Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taste  
 Of Luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile strand,  
 Bereft of human discipline has lost  
 Its ancient lustre : Alexandria's port, 70  
 Once the metropolis of trade, as 'Iyre  
 And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,  
 Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,  
 Unhonour'd droops. Of all the num'rous marts 75  
 That in those glitt'ring seas with splendour rose,  
 Only Byzantium, of peculiar site,  
 Remains in prosperous state, and Tripolis,  
 And Smyrna, sacred ever to the Muse.

To these resort the delegates of Trade, 80  
 Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood,  
 And bales of softest wool from Bradford looms,  
 Or Stroud, dispense ; yet see with vain regret  
 Their stores, once highly priz'd, no longer now  
 Or sought, or valued : copious webs arrive, 85  
 Smooth wov'n, of other than Britannia's Fleece.  
 On the throng'd strand alluring: the great skill  
 Of Gaul, and greater industry, prevails,  
 That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah—it is not—  
 Wrong not the Gaul ; it is the foe within 90  
 Impairs our ancient marts, it is the bribe ;  
 'Tis he who pours into the shops of trade  
 That impious poison : it is he who gains  
 The sacred seat of parliament by means  
 That vitiate and emasculate the mind ; 95  
 By sloth, by lewd intemperance, and a scene  
 Of riot worse than that which ruin'd Rome.  
 This, this the Tartar and remote Chinese,  
 And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.

Meantime (while those who dare be just oppose 100  
 The various powers of many-headed Vice),  
 Ye Delegates of Trade ! by patience rise  
 O'er difficulties, in this sultry clime  
 Note what is found of use ; the flix of goat,  
 Red wool, and balm, and Caufee's berry brown 105  
 Or drooping gum, or opium's lenient drug ;  
 Unnumbered arts await them, trifles oft,  
 By skilful labour, rise to high esteem.  
 Nor what the peasant, near some lucid wave 110  
 Pactolus, Simois, or Mæander slow,  
 Renowned in story, with his plough upturns,  
 Neglect ; the hoary medal, and the vase,  
 Statue, and bust, of old magnificence  
 Beautiful relics : oh ! could modern time  
 Restore the mimic art, and the clear mien 115  
 Of patriot sages, Walsingham and Yorkes,  
 And Cecils in long-lasting stone preserve !  
 But mimic art and nature are impair'd—  
 Impair'd they seem—or in a varied dress  
 Delude our eyes : the world in change delights : 120  
 Change then your searches, with the varied modes  
 And wants of realms. Sabean frankincense  
 Rare is collected now : few altars smoke  
 Now in the idol fane ; Panchaia views  
 Trade's busy fleets regardless pass her coast : 125  
 Nor frequent are the freights of snow-white woofs  
 Since Roine, no more the mistress of the world,  
 Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd streets  
 With gloomy cowl, majestical no more.  
 See the dark spirit of tyrannic pow'r ! 130  
 The Thracian channel, long the road of trade  
 To the deep Euxine and its naval streams,  
 And the Mæotis, now is barr'd with chains,  
 And forts of hostile battlement. In aught

That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk  
Delights not : insolent of rule, he spreads  
Thraldom and desolation o'er his realms.  
Another path to Scythia's wide domains  
Commerce discovers : the Livonian gulf  
Receives her sails, and leads them to the port  
Of rising Petersburg, whose splendid streets  
Swell with the webs of Leeds ; the Cossac there,  
The Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales  
In crowds resort, and their warm'd limbs enfold,  
Delighted ; and the hardy Samoïd,  
Rough with the stings of frost, from his dark caves  
Ascends, and thither hastens, ere winter's rage  
O'er take his homeward step ; and they that dwell  
Along the banks of Don's and Volga's streams,  
And borderers of the Caspian, who renew  
That ancient path to India's climes which fill'd  
With proudest affluence the Colchian state.

Many have been the ways to those renown'd  
Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known  
To Memphis, to the port of wealthy Tyre,  
To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderness,  
Who down along Euphrates sent her sails,  
And sacred Salem, when her numerous fleets  
From Ezion-geber pass'd th' Arabian gulf. 155

But later times, more fortunate, have found  
O'er ocean's open wave a surer course,  
Sailing the western coast of Afric's realms,  
Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracks,  
And islands of the Orcades, the bounds,  
On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade,  
But not of modern, by the virtue led  
Of Gama and Columbus. The whole globe  
Is now of commerce made the scene immense,  
Which daring ships frequent, associated

Like doves or swallows in th' ethereal flood, 170  
 Or, like the eagle, solitary seen.

Some with more open course to Indus steer ;  
 Some coast from port to port, with various men  
 And manners conversant, of th' angry surge,  
 That thunders loud, and spreads the cliffs with foam, 175  
 Regardless, or the monsters of the deep,  
 Porpoise or grampus, or the rav'nous shark  
 That chase their keels ; or threat'ning rock, o'erhead  
 Of Atlas old ; beneath the threatening rocks,  
 Reckless, they furl their sails, and bart'ring, take 180  
 Soft flakes of wool ; for in soft flakes of wool,  
 Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.  
 The shores of Sus inhospitable rise,  
 And higher Bojador ; Zara, too, displays  
 Unfruitful deserts ; Gambia's wave inisles 185  
 An ouzy coast, and pestilential ills  
 Diffuses wide ; behind are burning sands,  
 Adverse to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.

On Guinea's sultry strand the drapery light  
 Of Manchester or Norwich is bestow'd 190  
 For clear transparent gums and ductile wax,  
 And snow-white ivory ; yet the valued trade  
 Along this barbarous coast in telling wounds  
 The generous heart, the sale of wretched slaves :  
 Slaves by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death 195  
 For lifelong servitude ; severe exchange !  
 These till our fertile colonies, which yield  
 The sugar-cane and the Tobago leaf,  
 And various new productions, that invite  
 Increasing navies to their crowded wharfs. 200

But let the man whose rough tempestuous hours  
 In this advent'rous traffic are involv'd,  
 With just humanity of heart pursue  
 The gainful commerce : wickedness is blind :

Their sable chieftains may in future times  
Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute  
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart  
And avarice. There are ills to come for crimes.

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Replenish, and convenient store provide, 240  
 Like ants, intelligent of future need.

See ! thro' the fragrance of delicious airs,  
 That breathe the smell of balms, how Traffic shapes  
 A winding voyage, by the lofty coast  
 Of Sofala, thought Ophir, in whose hills 245

Ev'n yet some portion of its ancient wealth  
 Remains, and sparkles in the yellow sand  
 Of its clear streams, tho' unregarded now ;  
 Ophirs more rich are found. With easy course 250

The vessels glide, unless their speed be stopp'd  
 By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas  
 While ev'ry zephyr sleeps : then the shrouds drop ;  
 The downy feather, on the cordage hung, 255

Moves not ; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,  
 Fus'd in the fire ; or like the marble floor  
 Of some old temple wide. But where so wide, 260

In old or later time, its marble floor  
 Did ever temple boast as this, which here  
 Spreads its bright level many a league around ?  
 At solemn distances its pillars rise, 265

Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy steeps,  
 And lofty Madagascar's glittering shores,  
 Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,  
 And glossy shells in elegance of form, 265

For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloan's, are found.  
 Such calm oft checks their course, till this bright 270  
 scene

Is brush'd away before the rising breeze,  
 That joys the busy crew, and speeds again  
 The sail full-swelling to Socotra's isle,  
 For aloes fam'd ; or to the wealthy marts  
 Of Ormus or Gombroon, whose streets are oft  
 With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,  
 From neighbouring provinces and realms afar,

And fill'd with plenty, tho' dry sandy wastes  
Spread naked round; so great the power of trade. 275

Persia few ports: more happy Indostan  
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coasts,  
And Bombay's wealthy isle, and harbour fam'd,  
Supine beneath the shade of cocoa groves.

But what avails or many ports or few, 280  
Where wild Ambition frequent from his lair

Starts up, while fell Revenge and Famine lead  
To havoc, reckless of the tyrant's whip,  
Which clanks along the vallies? Oft in vain

The merchant seeks upon the strand whom erst, 285

Associated by trade, he deck'd and cloath'd:  
In vain whom rage or famine has devour'd  
He seeks, and with increas'd affection thinks  
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs

Pile up blue indigo, and, of frequent use, 290

Pungent salt-petre, woods of purple grain,  
And many-colour'd saps from leaf and flower,  
And various gums; the cloathier knows their worth;

And wool resembling cotton, shorn from trees,  
Nor to the Fleece unfriendly, whether mix'd 295

In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,  
Or softer silk's material, tho' its aid

To vulgar eyes appears not. Let none deem  
The Fleece in any traffic unconcern'd;

By every traffic aided, while each work  
Of art yields wealth to exercise the loom,

And every loom employs each hand of art.  
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade

Which Leeds or Cairo, Lima or Bombay,  
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,

Tho' all unconscious of the union act. 305

Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,  
Or sultry Malabar, where it behoves

The wary pilot, while he coasts their shores,  
 To mark o'er ocean the thick rising isles ; 310  
 Woody Cahetta, Birter rough with rocks,  
 Green-rising Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills,  
 And the minute Maldivias, as a swarm  
 Of bees in summer on a poplar's trunk,  
 Clustering innumerable : these behind 315  
 His stern receding, o'er the clouds he views  
 Ceylon's gray peaks, from whose volcanoes rise  
 Dark smoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks  
 Darted in air aloft ; around whose feet  
 Blue cliffs ascend, and aromatic groves, 320  
 In various prospect ; Ceylon also deem'd  
 The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,  
 On the vast globe the deepest, while the prow  
 Turns northward to the rich disputed strand  
 Of Cor'mandel, where Traffic grieves to see 325  
 Discord and Avarice invade her realms,  
 Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,  
 " Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons ! and ye Gauls !  
 Nation to nation is a light, a fire,  
 Enkindling virtue, sciences, and arts " ; 330  
 But cries aloud in vain. Yet, wise defence  
 Against Ambition's wide-destroying pride,  
 Madrass erected, and Saint David's fort,  
 And those which rise on Ganges' twenty streams,  
 Guarding the woven Fleece, Calcutta's tower, 335  
 And Maldo's and Patana's : from their holds  
 The shining bales our factors deal abroad,  
 And see the country's products, in exchange,  
 Before them heap'd ; cotton's transparent webs,  
 Aloes, and cassia, salutiferous drugs, 340  
 Alom, and lacque, and clouded tortoiseshell,  
 And brilliant diamonds, to decorate  
 Britannia's blooming nymphs. For these, o'er all

The kingdoms round, our drap'ries are dispers'd,  
 O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales, 345  
 And Cassimere, and Atoc, on the stream  
 Of old Hydaspes, Porus' hardy realm ;  
 And late-discover'd Tibet, where the Fleece,  
 By art peculiar, is compress'd and wrought  
 To threadless drapery, which in conic forms 350  
 Of various hues their gaudy roofs adorns.

The keels which voyage thro' Molucca's Straits  
 Amid a cloud of spicy odours sail,  
 From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whose woods  
 Yield fiery pepper, that destroys the moth 355  
 In woolly vestures. Ternate and Tidore  
 Give to the festal board the fragrant clove  
 And nutmeg, to those narrow bounds confin'd,  
 While gracious Nature, with unsparing hand,  
 The needs of life o'er every region pours. 360

Near those delicious isles the beauteous coast  
 Of China rears its summits. Know ye not,  
 Ye sons of Trade ! that ever-flow'ry shore,  
 Those azure hills, those woods and nodding rocks ?  
 Compare them with the pictures of your chart ; 365  
 Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.  
 Now the tall glossy tow'rs of porcelain  
 And pillar'd pagod shine ; rejoic'd they see  
 The port of Canton opening to their prows,  
 And in the winding of the river moor. 370

Upon the strand they heap their glossy bales ;  
 And works of Birmingham, in brass or steel,  
 And flint, and pond'rous lead, from deep cells rais'd,  
 Fit ballast in the fury of the storm,  
 That tears the shrouds, and bends the stubborn  
 mast : 375  
 These for the artists of the Fleece procure  
 Various materials ; and for affluent life

The flavour'd thea and glossy-painted vase ;  
 Things elegant, ill-titled Luxuries,  
 In temperance us'd delectable and good. 380

They too from hence receive the strongest thread  
 Of the green silkworm. Various is the wealth  
 Of that renown'd and ancient land, secure  
 In constant peace and commerce ; till'd to th' height  
 Of rich fertility, where, thick as stars, 385  
 Bright habitations glitter on each hill,  
 And rock, and shady dale ; ev'n on the waves  
 Of copious rivers, lakes, and bord'ring seas,  
 Rise floating villages. No wonder, when  
 In every province firm and level roads, 390  
 And long canals, and navigable streams,  
 Ever with ease conduct the works of toil  
 To sure and speedy markets, thro' the length  
 Of many a crowded region, many a clime,  
 To the imperial tow'rs of Cambalu, 395

Now Pekin, where the Fleece is not unknown ;  
 Since Calder's woofs, and those of Exe and Frome,  
 And Yare, and Avon flow, and rapid Trent,  
 Thither by Russic caravans are brought,  
 Thro' Scythia's num'rous regions, waste and wild, 400  
 Journey immense ! which to th' attentive ear  
 The Muse, in faithful notes, shall brief describe.

From the proud mart of Petersburg, ere-while  
 The watery seat of Desolation wide,  
 Issue these trading caravans, and urge, 405  
 Thro' dazzling snows, their dreary trackless road ;  
 By compass steering oft from week to week,  
 From month to month ; whole seasons view their  
 toils.

Neva they pass, and Kesma's gloomy flood,  
 Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone,  
 Threatening in vain ; and many a cataract 410

In its fall stopp'd, and bound with bars of ice.

Close on the left unnumber'd tracks they view  
White with continual frost; and on the right  
The Caspian Lake, and ever-flow'ry realms, 415  
Tho' now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the haunt  
Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide  
Are destin'd to the sword; and on each hand  
Roads hung with carcases, or under foot  
Thick strown; while in their rough bewilder'd vales 420  
The blooming rose its fragrance breathes in vain,  
And silver fountains fall, and nightingales  
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.

Sometimes o'er level ways, on easy sleds,  
The gen'rous horse conveys the sons of Trade, 425  
And ever and anon the docile dog,  
And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace  
Skims over icy lakes: now slow they climb  
Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown descend  
To hollow vallies, till the eye beholds 430  
The roofs of Tobol, whose hill-crowning walls  
Shine, like the rising moon, thro' watery mists;  
Tobol! th' abode of those unfortunate  
Exiles of angry state, and thralls of war;  
Solemn fraternity! where earl and prince, 435  
Soldier and statesman, and uncrested chief,  
On the dark level of adversity  
Converse familiar; while amid the cares  
And toils for hunger, thirst, and nakedness,  
Their little public smiles, and the bright sparks 440  
Of trade are kindled. Trade arises oft,  
And virtue, from adversity and want:  
Be witness, Carthage! witness, ancient Tyre!  
And thou, Batavia! daughter of distress.  
This with his hands, which erst the truncheon held, 445  
The hammer lifts; another bends and weaves

The flexile willow ; that the mattoc drives :  
 All are employ'd, and by their works acquire  
 Our fleecy vestures. From their tenements,  
 Pleas'd and refresh'd, proceeds the caravan 450  
 Thro' lively-spreading cultures, pastures green,  
 And yellow tillages in opening woods ;  
 Thence on, thro' Narim's wilds, a pathless road  
 They force, with rough entangling thorns perplex'd ;  
 Land of the lazy Ostiacs, thin dispers'd, 455  
 Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,  
 Tenfold augmented ; miserable tribe !  
 Void of commercial comforts ; who nor corn,  
 Nor pulse, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine,  
 Know to procure ; nor spade, nor scythe, nor share, 460  
 Nor social aid : beneath their thorny bed  
 The serpent hisses, while in thickets nigh  
 Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,  
 And pass by spacious lakes, begirt with rocks  
 And azure mountains, and the heights admire 465  
 Of white Imaus, whose snow-nodding crags  
 Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns  
 Pour mighty rivers down, th' impetuous streams  
 Of Oby' and Irtis, and Jenisca swift,  
 Which rush upon the northern pole, upheave 470  
 Its frozen seas, and lift their hills of ice.

These rugged paths and savage landscapes pass'd,  
 A new scene strikes their eyes : among the clouds  
 Aloft they view, what seems a chain of cliffs,  
 Nature's proud work, that matchless work of art, 475  
 The wall of China, by Chihoham's power,  
 In earliest times, erected. Warlike troops  
 Frequent are seen in haughty march along  
 Its ridge, a vast extent ! beyond the length  
 Of many a potent empire : towers and ports, 480  
 Three times a thousand, lift thereon their brows

At equal spaces, and in prospect round  
Cities and plains, and kingdoms overlook.

At length the gloomy passage they attain  
Of its deep-vaulted gates, whose opening folds  
Conduct at length to Pekin's glittering spires,  
The destin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.  
Thus are the textures of the Fleece convey'd  
To China's distant realm, the utmost bound  
Of the flat floor of steadfast earth ; for so  
Fabled Antiquity, ere peaceful Trade  
Inform'd the opening mind of curious man.

Now to the other hemisphere, my Muse !  
A new world found, extend thy daring wing.  
Be thou the first of the harmonious Nine,  
From high Parnassus, the unweary'd toils  
Of industry and valour, in that world  
Triumphant, to reward with tuneful song.  
Happy the voyage o'er th' Atlantic brine  
By active Raleigh made, and great the joy  
When he discern'd, above the foamy surge,  
A rising coast, for future colonies  
Opening her bays, and figuring her capes,  
Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole.

No land gives more employment to the loom,  
Or kindlier feeds the indigent ; no land  
With more variety of wealth rewards  
The hand of Labour : thither from the wrongs  
Of lawless rule the free-born spirit flies ;  
Thither Affliction, thither Poverty,  
And Arts and Sciences : thrice happy clime,  
Which Britain makes th' asylum of mankind !

But joy superior far his bosom warms  
Who views those shores in ev'ry culture dress'd ;  
With habitations gay, and numerous towns,  
On hill and valley, and his countrymen

485

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515

Form'd into various states, pow'rful and rich,  
 In regions far remote ; who from our looms  
 Take largely for themselves, and for those tribes  
 Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land,      520  
 In amity conjoin'd, of civil life  
 The comforts taught, and various new desires,  
 Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,  
 And spread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.

Ye who the shuttle cast along the loom,      525  
 The silk-worms' thread inweaving with the Fleece,  
 Pray for the culture of the Georgian tract,  
 Nor slight the green savannahs and the plains  
 Of Carolina, where thick woods arise  
 Of mulberries, and in whose water'd fields      530  
 Upsprings the verdant blade of thirsty rice.  
 Where are the happy regions which afford  
 More implements of commerce and of wealth ?

Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,  
 Which overshades some crystal river, spreads      535  
 Her wealthy cultivations wide around,  
 And, more than many a spacious realm, rewards  
 The Fleecy shuttle : to her growing marts,  
 The Iroquese, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,  
 And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth      540  
 For woolly garments ; and the cheers of life,  
 The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taste.  
 Blush, Europeans ! whom the circling cup

Of Luxury intoxicates. Ye routs,  
 Who for your crimes have fled your native land ;      545  
 And ye voluptuous idle, who in vain  
 Seek easy habitations, void of care ;  
 The sons of Nature with astonishment  
 And detestation mark your evil deeds,  
 And view, no longer aw'd, your nerveless arms,      550  
 Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.

See the bold emigrants of Accadie,  
 And Massachusett, happy in those arts  
 That join the polities of trade and war,  
 Bearing the palm in either ; they appear  
 Better exemplars ; and that hardy crew  
 Who on the frozen beach of Newfoundland  
 Hang their white fish amid the parching winds ;  
 The kindly Fleece, in webs of Duffield woof,  
 Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly  
 warmth,

555

And frize of Cambria, worn by those who seek,  
 Thro' gulfs and dales of Hudson's winding bay,  
 The beaver's fur, tho' oft they seek in vain,  
 While winter's frosty rigour checks approach  
 Ev'n in the fiftieth latitude. Say why,

560

(If ye the travell'd sons of Commerce know)

Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,  
 Half the sun's annual course, in chains of ice ?  
 While the Rhine's fertile shore, and Gallic realms,  
 By the same zone encircled, long enjoy

565

Warm beams of Phœbus, and, supine, behold

Their plains and hillocks blush with clust'ring vines ?

Must it be ever thus ? or may the hand

Of mighty Labour drain their gusty lakes,

Enlarge the bright'ning sky, and, peopling, warm

575

The op'ning valleys and the yellowing plains ?

Or rather shall we burst strong Darien's chain,

Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,

And thro' the great Pacific every joy

Of civil life diffuse ? Are not her isles

580

Numerous and large ? have they not harbours calm,

Inhabitants, and manners ? haply, too,

Peculiar sciences, and other forms

Of trade, and useful products, to exchange

For woolly vestures ? 'Tis a tedious course

585

By the Antarctic circle ; nor beyond  
 Those sea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed,  
 Bahama and Caribbee, may be found  
 Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's Isle  
 The standard of Britannia shall arise.

590

Proud Buenos Aires, low-couched Paraguay,  
 And rough Corrientes, mark, with hostile eye,  
 The labouring vessel : neither may we trust  
 The dreary naked Patagonian land,

Which darkens in the wind : no traffic there,

595

No barter, for the Fleece : there angry storms,  
 Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around  
 Their thunders. Ye adventurous Mariners !

Be firm ; take courage from the brave : 't was there  
 Perils and conflicts inexpressible

600

Anson, with steady undespairing breast,  
 Endur'd, when o'er the various globe he chas'd  
 His country's foes. Fast-gathering tempests rouz'd  
 Huge ocean, and involv'd him : all around  
 Whirlwind, and snow, and hail, and horror : now, 605  
 Rapidly, with the world of waters, down  
 Descending to the channels of the deep,  
 He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyss,  
 And now the stars, upon the loftiest point  
 Toss'd of the sky-mix'd surges. Oft the burst

610

Of loudest thunder, with the dash of seas,  
 Tore the wild-flying sails and tumbling masts,  
 While flames, thick-flashing in the gloom, reveal'd  
 Ruins of decks, and shrouds, and sights of death.

Yet on he far'd, with fortitude his cheer,

615

Gaining, at intervals, slow way beneath  
 Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge  
 Above all height, by opening clouds reveal'd,  
 Of Montegorda, and inaccessible  
 Wreck-threatening Staten Land's o'erhanging shore,

620

Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever wild  
 Posture of falling ; as when Pelion rear'd  
 On Ossa, and on Ossa's tottering head  
 Woody Olympus, by the angry gods  
 'Precipitate on earth were doomed to fall.

625

At length, thro' every tempest, as some branch  
 Which from a poplar falls into a loud  
 Impetuous cataract, tho' deep immers'd,  
 Yet re-ascends, and glides, on lake or stream,  
 Smooth thro' the valleys ; so his way be won

630

To the serene Pacific, flood immense !

And rear'd his lofty masts, and spread his sails.  
 Then Paita's walls, in wasting flames involv'd,  
 His vengeance felt, and fair occasion gave  
 To show humanity and continence,

635

To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left

No corner of the globe secure to Pride  
 And Violence, altho' the far-stretch'd coast  
 Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,

640

Arm'd in their evil cause ; tho' fell Disease,  
 Un'bating Labour, tedious Time, conspir'd,  
 And Heat inclement, to unnerve his force ;  
 Tho' that wide sea, which spreads o'er half the

world,

Deny'd all hospitable land or port ;

645

Where, seasons voyaging, no road he found

To moor, no bottom in th' abyss whereon

To drop the fastening anchor ; tho' his brave

Companions ceas'd, subdu'd by toil extreme ;

Tho' solitary left in Tinian's seas,

Where never was before the dreaded sound

650

Of Britain's thunder heard ; his wave-worn bark

Met, fought the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.

So fare it ever with our country's foes !

Rejoice, ye Nations ! vindicate the sway

Ordain'd for common happiness. Wide, o'er 655  
 The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour  
 The fruits of plenty from her copious horn.  
 What can avail to her, whose fertile earth  
 By Ocean's briny waves are circumscrib'd,  
 The armed host, and murdering sword of war, 660  
 And conquest o'er her neighbours? She ne'er breaks  
 Her solemn compacts in the lust of rule:  
 Studious of arts and trade, she ne'er disturbs  
 The holy peace of states. 'Tis her delight  
 To fold the world with harmony, and spread, 665  
 Among the habitations of mankind,  
 The various wealth of toil, and what her Fleece,  
 To clothe the naked, and her skilful looms  
 Peculiar give. Ye, too, rejoice, ye Swains!  
 Increasing commerce shall reward your cares. 670  
 A day will come, if not too deep we drink  
 The cup which luxury on careless wealth,  
 Pernicious gift! bestows; a day will come  
 When, thro' new channels sailing, we shall clothe  
 The Californian coast, and all the realms 675  
 That stretch from Hainan Straits to proud Japan,  
 And the green isles, which on the left arise  
 Upon the glassy brine, whose various capes  
 Not yet are figur'd on the sailors' chart:  
 Then every variation shall be told 680  
 Of the magnetic steel, and currents mark'd  
 Which drive the heedless vessel from her course.  
 That portion, too, of land, a track immense,  
 Beneath th' Antarctic spread, shall then be known,  
 And new plantations on its coast arise. 685  
 Then rigid winter's ice no more shall wound  
 The only naked animal; but man  
 With the soft Fleece shall every where be cloath'd.  
 Th' exulting Muse shall then, in vigour fresh,

Her flight renew : meanwhile, with weary wing 690  
O'er ocean's wave returning, she explores  
Siluria's flow'ry vales, her old delight,  
The shepherd's haunts, where the first springs arise  
Of Britain's happy trade, now spreading wide,  
Wide as th' Atlantic and Pacific seas, 695  
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

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